

THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

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Asides

Two of our articles, this month, are centered about the idea of turning to God. One of them, "The Communist's Prayer To Our Lady," by D. E. Burton, shows us such a course of action in the almost heroic example of a sorely perplexed individual, while the other article, Francis G. Kent's "To God By Way Of Malvern," takes us along a more conventionally marked path, the way of a good retreat, reaching toward the same end. Both of these articles, we feel, will be of interest to Holy Name men.

"The Cross Between" is another article of uncommon interest. Captain Finnegan, who is a career officer in the Army, takes us back to war times for a true and very vivid story of a courageous woman and her faith. Written about a woman, this is decidedly a man's story.

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Editorial Page



For All Men

A PRE-VIEW of our modern ticker-tape parades of welcome for celebrities or for the home-coming of a hero was witnessed of old on a Sunday morning almost two thousand years ago at Jerusalem. While the person honored by a modern parade may be influenced by the applause and cheers of the onlookers, certainly the one for whom the spontaneous parade held that Sunday centuries ago was not misled by public acclaim. The terrible events which would culminate the week were well known to Him. He was the Divine Savior, of course.

The commemoration of that public acclamation paid our Lord Jesus Christ is recalled for us by Holy Mother Church on the sixth Sunday of Lent, Palm Sunday, this month's Communion Sunday for the Holy Name Society. The writers of the Gospels relate how the people living in and around Jerusalem had heard of the approaching visit of Christ and were desirous of greeting Him in a joyous manner, since they knew Christ as a Teacher, as a Miracle-worker. They cut boughs from the familiar palm trees and then spread the branches on the ground in order that His passing would be over a palm-covered road. Although such a reception was rare, the people were moved to act in such a manner because the Son of God was being accorded a tribute befitting a prophet (a teacher from God), a priest who was to offer Himself as a sacrifice to God. Slow to believe, hardly any of these people realized at the time that indeed this Teacher was the King of their souls.

This week, starting with the liturgical procession of Palm Sunday as a reminder of Christ's triumphal reception into Jerusalem, is known as Holy Week, sometimes referred to as "The Great Week." It is a Great Week because the events of the Friday of that week, properly called by the world "Good," make possible for us all the opportunity of attaining the goal for

which we are brought into existence. Holy Week reminds the world, even those individuals whose realization of Christ's redemptive action may be only a soupy fog-like concept, that Christ did exist; He did suffer cruelly for all men and died on an infamous gibbet outside the walls of Jerusalem. We are proud, even amidst our penances, to attest solid belief in these facts, and we want them known to the millions and millions of our fellow creatures.

NEVERTHELESS we find some segments of the world today attempting to influence people of different nations only by frightening them with threats of awesome bombs, especially of the H-bomb. It would be better if the world forgot powerful bombs and remembered how "the meek and humble of heart" Christ overcame His enemies by the wood of the Cross upon which He died, rather than by the wielding of a sword. Christ refused to permit His Apostles to protect Him from the arresting mob in the Garden of Gethsemane by using swords when He said, "All those who take the sword will perish by the sword."

In many parts of the world today there exist generous-souled individuals, especially those behind the Iron Curtain, who would die rather than deny their leader, Jesus Christ. No deception, imprisonment, torture or enslavement will ever divert their allegiance to a tyrant or other earthly master. We should think what Good Friday means to them!

Christ came and died for all human beings but promised only a cross and a crown of thorns for His followers here on earth. Those who know this will not be influenced by strong temptations to forget such a Leader, particularly during this Holy Week. Catholics know He is the "Light of the World" and they are in need of this Light to guide them to a glorious Easter and eternal happiness. Yes, Catholics commemorate Holy Week in a proper manner by intensifying their fervent devotions and sacrifices in thanksgiving for the redemptive death of Him Who cried in His agony, "It is consummated."

The Cross Between

by John J. Finnegan

Just about Easter time, when the mighty U. S. forces
rolled beyond the Rhine . . .

JUST BEFORE EASTER OF 1945 in an obscure peasant village a few miles east of the Rhine River, I faced unexpectedly a staunch, old German lady armed with a string of black beads and a wet cross. And the small group of American soldiers who followed me into that German home were equally unprepared for her surprising conduct. Each of us in turn were to be inspired by her courage and her faith.

Unlike the historical religious leader who had confronted the fierce Attila and his barbaric Huns on the outskirts of Rome to save the city and its people, this devout old woman was the sole remaining inhabitant of that community and had elected to meet the conquerors inside of her own home. And she braved those critical hours with us behind the protective image of a crucifix.

If she had been an early Christian waiting for a signal to the Roman soldiers to have her tossed to the lions and martyrdom, the GI's would have been less impressed. But she had no way of knowing that, contrary to German propaganda, we were not counter parts to those plundering barbarians and ruthless pagans of old.

You see, shortly before noon on that warm spring day, the fierce SS troopers had forced the proud civilians to evacuate their Rhineland village. Although the old woman along with the other townfolk had believed the inciting talk about the "brutal" and "treacherous" Americans, she alone had refused to leave. And despite the fear instilled by the German SS, their warnings and grim threats, she alone had preferred to re-

main in her own home to fight for a just cause and die on the side of the right with the only weapon she knew how to use—a simple Rosary.

During the two hours after the SS had made their hasty retreat on horse and wagon vehicles, the red-slatted village had been ominously quiet to her. Then the Americans had thundered in with tanks, armored cars, and jeeps. Her fears had mounted as she had listened to the traffic roaring along, and the strange voices jarring the stillness of her quiet home. Nervously, she had gone to a side window, peeked out and waited.

It was unlikely that she could have realized fully just what was happening around her home. She had no way of knowing that my officer had received orders to hold his group and to make tentative arrangements for the coming night; that he had directed me to find a suitable command post, a desirable building in which to establish our temporary headquarters. And that I had selected her home, a one-story frame building, because it was slightly apart from the others and most conveniently located between the two roadways that governed the southern tip of the village.

SHE HAD WATCHED with an eager fascination, chilled by the icy waves of her own surging fright. Curiosity had urged her closer to the window, glued her face to a corner of the pane; but fear snapped her backward when the olive-drabbed troops started to probe about and enter into the abandoned homes.

She hadn't known, in all probability,

that this practice, called flushing, was unavoidable due to the hostile, civilian activities in our area; occasionally a few of the Wehrmacht soldiers lagged behind and changed from deep forest green uniforms to civil garb to harass or evade us.

Nor was it likely that she had ever been informed about the truth of civilian and refugee handling; that if any such happened to be found, they were usually escorted back to a collecting point or simply checked and restricted to one room in a building.

Nevertheless, she had been galled at sight of us, and terrified, too. Her face, peering again from behind the curtained window, had vanished suddenly when I started forward with a carbine tucked under my arm to screen our proposed quarters—the cherished home which she had vowed to defend with her life.

I had hesitated there at the front entrance until one of my companions ambled into view; then I had flung the door open.

Immediately, I had seen a frightened old lady with her beads. She had stood rigid and tense, squarely facing me from the middle of that wide, dingy room. Beneath the shock of white hair, her brown inscrutable eyes had watched with suppressed fear and expectancy.

I eased in through the doorway, swept the ill-aired room at a glance, then focused my attention on that unusual woman who remained taut with fear. Her Rosary dangled from a quivering clenched fist and the crucifix, held upright by her thumb and knuckled first

finger, appeared to be a tiny cross on a trembling Calvary. I glanced about the room again but watched her picking at the Rosary and its cross with deliberate, firm kisses.

Suddenly she bounded before me, uttering harsh, German cries. She spat out a scorching tirade, then abruptly paused to hug the Rosary beads and gently kiss the uplifted cross. Her defiance aggressively resumed with another grating outburst as she waved the crucifix proudly before my face. And in a sweeping fierce gesture, she pointed to my half-raised carbine; then with reckless confidence, she motioned back to the cross grounded against her chest.

My companion, at this point, stepped quietly inside the yawning doorway. His appearance further incited the old woman, already bristling with sharp resentment. She rushed him with brave, denunciating gestures and fiery expressions. But between her excitable, throaty outbursts, she checked herself long enough to briefly kiss the cross. My friend regarded her thoughtfully for a moment; then, with a discreet walk, he slipped past and into an adjacent room. She returned to me with a defiance blazing from the depths of her very soul. She wasn't afraid to die, I imagined her to be saying. And her gestures strongly indicated that she was better protected than I. Her accusing finger readily pointed out that she stood behind a powerful weapon—a cross, while I clung to a puny thing—a despicable carbine!

I pointed finally to a single wooden chair beside the wall and motioned her into it. She moved back, dropped onto the hard seat, and spun around to study me with the vigilant eye of a cornered animal; trapped but not beaten.

In my heart I admired this staunch woman for her religious faith. And for that unexpected, aggressive stand I would have delighted in embracing her. The cherished thoughts of my mother, and the countless Rosaries that she had recited for me, took my gaze away from this devout and courageous old soul.

TWO GRUFF LOOKING soldiers entered

but scarcely noticed the frightened old woman cringing in the lone chair. One of them began to check around, noting arrangements for a temporary stay; while the other simply positioned himself alongside the front entrance.

The old lady watched both of them with a fearful hesitation; then she bounded up to the one standing nearest to the door. Both of the men, aroused by her surprising outbursts, studied her curiously and without comment. She defied each of them in turn with rising, harsh tones and sweeping arm motions accentuated by the Rosary wrapped fist, and blunt pauses in which she rendered the cross its timely, well-honored kiss.

After a quiet interval, the men looked at each other without speaking; then back to the old lady. They nodded, shrugged their shoulders and returned back to their own absorbing interests.

She stood there hopelessly watching the indifferent soldiers until another one came in with a reel of telephone wire. When he dropped it with the field phone, immediate terror flashed in her face. Slowly, she edged back to the hard chair, clutching the black Rosary beads with a death-like grip at each step. She stifled an impulsive scream but failed to camouflage her raging, inner conflict. Swelling tears promptly betrayed it. They swept down her pale cheeks, drenching the crucifix, the balled fist and the dangling wooden beads. The cross, drawn tightly against her moist, trembling lips, was smothered beneath a desperate kiss.

At the far side of the room, the lieutenant and I stood observing this distressed old lady with a cool, nonchalant attitude; but inwardly, we were tearing our hearts out and wringing them in sympathy for her wretched plight.

Somehow, the unraveled end of telephone wire brought a convulsive shudder from that alarmed old frau each time she noticed it. Unable to control herself any longer, she bounded out of the chair and braced herself defiantly before us. She spoke excitably in brisk, guttural phrases and waved the Rosary and its cross boldly in front of our faces.

"No, no," implored the lieutenant

fanning his hands to that effect. He tried to calm her with gentle talk, but she ignored it with a taunting suspicion; and countered his gestures with hostile, sweeping ones of her own. The officer grew exasperated with the language barrier and pointed her back again to the single chair.

When the GI's began to black out the windows and light a few candles, an hour or so before darkness, the somewhat quieted old lady became unduly alarmed once more. She tensely watched each one of our moves, greedily searched their meaning.

A YOUNG CORPORAL who spoke German came in and delivered a message to the lieutenant. The officer acknowledged it, picked up his carbine, slung it about his shoulder, then ordered, "Wait!"

To the German lady squirming in the corner, he motioned, "Come here."

Instead of her usual, quick bound she inched forward with slow, uncertain steps. Her lips quivered in an earnest, almost a final, prayer as she moved forward, clutching the swaying beads.

The officer studied her but a brief moment. He turned quickly to the interpreter and said, "Find out what her trouble is."

She answered the initial query in German with explosive cries, abruptly punctuating them with significant pauses in which she clamped the cross down upon her wavering lips.

The interpreting GI appeared flustered and confused when he turned around to explain.

"She says—she's ready and not afraid to die," he paraphrased in simple English. "She's been ready for us since—since noon today! And ever since the wire was left here, she's been waiting for one of us to—to start the torture."

"She says—She's not afraid of us. God is protecting her and her rights. And, in His name, she says—She forbids us to—to burn down her house!"

The translator frowned with a sudden air of incredulity. "If we're going to start the torture now—She'd like to know when we'll finally kill her!"

(Continued on page 36.)

The Communist's Prayer To Our Lady

by D. E. Burton

To whom can you turn when your whole
great world suffers upheaval?

H E SAT THERE ALONE in the dark little Catholic Church, a man troubled and depressed who had lost his faith, that faith which had been for years the mainspring of his life, the faith of a Communist. It may well be that as he sat there, the news editor of the British red newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, recalled those developing events of a few years back which had led to his present disillusionment.

It had been in August, 1927, that Douglas Hyde, the sixteen-year old son of respectable Methodist parents, had heard two Communists speaking on the Bristol Downs near his home. They had described to a listening crowd the cruel injustice which had condemned two pacifist anarchists to death in America. Douglas had heard rumors of a bomb-shop in the city. Carried away by indignation he had set out, then and there, to secure a bomb.

"I'll blow up that building which flies the Stars and Stripes!" he had muttered.

But the building had remained standing, the bombs proving to be nothing more nor less than Communist literature! However, the following year, having heard the matter referred to by yet another speaker on the Downs, Douglas moved, by mis-placed sympathy, joined the *International Class War Prisoners' Aid*. His father had remarked shrewdly that *class war* sounded like Communism.

"I don't care if it is Communism—if it's doing good!" came the reply.

Yes, Douglas had a sincere desire to

"do good." Earning his living as a technician in a dental workshop, the seventeen-year-old youth was not only training to be a Methodist missionary but was already referred to in the country chapels as "the boy preacher." As such he had begun to feel greatly concerned at the problems of poverty and social injustice he encountered and for which Methodism—with its emphasis on a strict puritanical life—seemed to have no solution. It was then that he had come across a Communist leaflet which proclaimed "Britain is bleeding India white." As a result he had begun to introduce anti-imperialist, anti-class, and anti-patriotic ideas into his sermons. He had become friendly with Communists.

"All wars are fought by rival imperialists," he had been told, so he had joined the Communist *No More War Movement* while, with strange inconsistency, he became infected with Communist ideas of working for revolution, revolution everywhere, until the whole world would be under the domination of Communism.

FILLED with a burning zeal on behalf of the workers and oppressed and stirred by bitter hatred for their so-called oppressors, Douglas had striven to win recruits to the cause from the mines, the quarries and factories by stirring up disloyalty to king and country and by fostering envy and discontent. At first he had truly believed that the overthrow of

capitalism should be regarded as a Christian crusade and that all Christians should fight side by side with the Communists for the Revolution, but a time had to come when he discovered he had lost his faith in Christianity. He was an atheist, a Communist. Originally, he had been horrified to find immorality and drunkenness in the Party; now such a state of things no longer worried him. As a militant atheist he next began to attack religion, taking as his symbol a blasphemous poem he had discovered, to which he added a drawing of the crucified Christ and the words:

"Good-bye Christ. You did all right in your day, I reckon. Make way for a new guy now with no religion at all . . . Marx, Communist, Lenin, Peasant, Stalin, Worker, Me—I said ME."

TIME PASSED. One day, engaged in his propaganda activities, he had just exchanged some Communistic literature for the C.T.S. pamphlets in the porch of a Catholic church, when three little girls emerged. To distract attention he asked what they had been doing.

"We've been to confession," came the reply. And after one or two more remarks they ran off.

For a moment Douglas was shaken. As a Methodist he had had a scornful horror of the practice of confession. Now, as a Communist, he regarded it merely as a terrible superstition. Nevertheless, moved by curiosity, he opened the door of the church and glanced

within. Statues. Candles. A woman leaving what he supposed to be the confessional. A man taking her place. As he gazed, for a moment, Douglas found himself filled with a longing to enter that confessional to say:

"The children whose confessions you have heard have not come a million miles of sinning. That man and woman still go to church. . . . I sin more in one day than they'll sin in their whole lives. Confess me."

The impulse vanished. Furious at himself for that momentary weakness, he had left for home.

WHEN the World War of 1939 broke out the British Communists had no thought for their own country. Their one fear had been that Russia might be attacked. In such an event each was pledged to do *anything* to help the *Worker's Fatherland*.

But it was Russia who did the attacking. The action came as a shock, though immediately a suitable explanation was forthcoming. Russia had been obliged to attack Poland in self-defense! And so, receiving orders from the *Communist International* with its center in Moscow, the British Communists had set to work to destroy the British War Effort by means of propaganda and their newspaper, the *Daily Worker*. Douglas, a member of the editorial staff, soon became known to the police as a prominent agitator who organized strikes in factories and spoke at open air meetings. On more than one occasion a listening crowd, infuriated, rushed at him on hearing such glib speeches as: "It's a war between rival imperialists with several million workers in uniform as unwilling pawns!" or "Our men are dying for profits!"

Nevertheless, despite these sentiments, he had tried to join the army, regarding such a procedure as an excellent opportunity for attempting to convert soldiers into Communists. However, his subversive activities were too well known to the police. The medical tribunal turned him down once and for all on grounds of ill-health! The next thing that hap-

NATIONAL FOUNDATION TO COMBAT COMMUNISM

The American Public must and should be taught the real meaning of what a loathsome fraud Communism is. This should be done through a National Educational Program which should be as thorough, as efficient and as professional as that given by any of our graduate schools of law, medicine, business, science or religion. . . .

There is only one way to accomplish this and that is by the establishment of a National Foundation to Combat Communism and all "isms" which would conduct an all-out educational campaign to teach the people of this land what Communism is.

We have in this country today many foundations in the field of Science, Education and Medicine which have made tremendous worth-while contributions to humanity. We have the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the Heart Foundation and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund and others. Yet with all due respect to the great achievements of these wonderful institutions—their value and importance pales by comparison to a foundation which has for its objective the protection and fostering from the ravages of a cancer of the intellect, those priceless freedoms which are embodied in our Democratic form of government. God forbid that our nation should fall prey—through internal disunity or a lack of vigilance—to the craven dictatorship of the Soviet Union—but should such a horrible fate overtake us—these great medical, educational and scientific foundations would be conspicuous by their absence.

A National Foundation to combat Communism should be established along quasi-official lines similar to the Red Cross. Its honorary President would always be the President of the United States. It should be a non-partisan organization operated by funds received from public and private donations. It should include on its Board of Directors the leaders of Religion, Education, Industry, and Labor. Special pains should be taken to insure an equal balance between these groups. It should name as its managing director a person of the stature of J. Edgar Hoover—one who is familiar with the problems involved and who commands the respect of the American public.

The charter of the organization would guarantee that its operations would be within the framework of our Constitution with the end in view of winning the battle against Communists without losing our Civil Rights and our Constitutional liberties.

The Foundation would embark on a tremendous educational program which would bring the truth about the evils of Communism into every town, city, and hamlet in our country. Through research, collaboration with State and City Educational Committees, with Labor Unions, management groups, religious organizations, college and school heads, Veterans' organizations, women's clubs, Kiwanis, Rotary and similar organizations, newspapers, magazines, radio and television outlets, the Foundation can bring to the public the results of a scientific research into the true status of Communism.

—MYLES J. LANE
in a Town Hall address

pened was the banning of the *Daily Worker* by the Government. Douglas and his colleagues at once set to work in secret to publish and distribute another anti-war paper. But suddenly the unexpected had happened. Germany had attacked the U.S.S.R.! Instantly the policy of the British Communists had been reversed. *The War Was in a Righteous Cause*, all of a sudden. They must fight, must work to increase production. They launched a new campaign, an appeal to the public for Anglo-Soviet co-operation in the war effort! It was immensely successful. Non-Communist patriots and peace lovers joined in. For example, in one procession a Communist carried a huge picture of Sir Winston Churchill, a banner bearing the words, "Let us go forward together, Winston Churchill."

There was no real change of heart among the Communists, merely a temporary change of policy. But the British public did not realize this. The ban was removed from the *Daily Worker*, while new Communist slogans like "Tanks for Joe. Joe for King" appeared.

Next, the Communists managed to persuade various people, including factory workers, men in the forces, civil servants and scientists, to spy or to betray secret information entrusted to them, on the grounds that it should be passed on to Russia, "the force out to win the war for world peace." And this with no thought of treachery—"The Workers have no country" being one of their slogans!

MEANWHILE something had been happening to the news editor of the *Daily Worker*. He was suffering from doubt and disillusion. The Red Army was sweeping to conquest in Europe. Raping, looting, black marketeering! Was this the behavior to be expected of the new Soviet citizens? Then, too, strangely enough, Douglas Hyde was finding himself in agreement with much written in the Catholic papers, the very papers he studied in order to vilify the Catholic Church. He found himself leaving them about his home in the hope that his wife

Carol, would read them. Then at the end of the war, his health undermined by overwork, Hyde was ordered by the doctor to take more rest. This period of enforced leisure gave him the opportunity to read additional Catholic authors. Then came the crisis. After listening to the news on the radio one night, to his amazement his wife suddenly declared that she was fed up with Russia's behavior since the war. A heart-to-heart talk between the two revealed that they were sick of hatred and class war, that God was inescapably an unanswerable fact, that men longed for a message of love and peace and—to sum the whole situation up—that they were both drawn to the Catholic Church.

"And I want a home," Carol had said. "The kind of home I've read about in the Catholic papers. And I can't bear the thought of our children being brought up as Communists."

So from that evening the two moved slowly forward towards their goal. But it was not easy. Although they were drawn towards the Church they knew no Catholics and, at this stage, their interest had to remain concealed or Douglas would have lost his job. One evening, keeping well in the background, he attended a Catholic Brains Trust. He somehow still regarded priests and nuns as immoral hypocrites, so he had been horrified to find that two Jesuits were present. Yet he found himself afterwards, on his way to the station, telling one of these same Jesuits about his misspent years. He ended by asking if a militant atheist could become a Catholic.

"Why yes, the Church exists for sinners," came the unexpected reply.

Nevertheless, though both Douglas and his wife were finding themselves in agreement with Catholic culture, there was a bridge to cross. They lacked the gift of faith. Desiring to pray, they found themselves unable to do so. But having discovered a small war-damaged pre-reformation Catholic church which greatly appealed to him despite the darkness caused by its blacked-out windows, Douglas started to drop in each morning on his way to the offices of the

Daily Worker. There, unwell, despondent and greatly troubled in mind, the Communist news editor would sit in a dark corner day after day, watched unobtrusively, had he but known it, by the sacristan, who was on the lookout for a pilfering thief.

THEN, one never-to-be-forgotten morning, something happened which was to lead in due course to his resignation from the *Daily Worker* and to the reception of himself and his family into the Catholic Church, to his becoming as ardent a Catholic as he had been a Communist.

As he was sitting there heavy-heartedly in his corner, a young girl came into the church. Her expression was sadly troubled. He watched her light a candle. He watched her kneel down before a statue of the Virgin. He watched her fingers moving over a string of beads held in her hand. Some superstitious Catholic practice, he supposed. She rose from her knees. As she passed him on her way out, he saw to his amazement that her face was now peaceful, serene. So quickly had her trouble been removed! Yet he—he had been burdened with his for years.

There was no one about. Sheepishly he crept down the aisle. He too lit a candle. But to kneel? Was it not a ridiculous and degrading thing, a sign of cringing, crawling servility to go down on one's knees? Yet he knelt. He longed to pray. Why not go the whole pace and pray to—well, to Our Lady. But what did one say? He wracked his brain trying to recall some mediaeval prayer he might have read. Instead he found himself using some half forgotten words, a refrain from a gramophone record of his youthful days:

"O sweet and lovely lady be good
O lady be good to me."

The Queen of Heaven heard that cry. What matter to her the words. It was a cry to her maternal heart. As grace flowed down into the groping soul of that poor Communist he knew that his prayer had been answered. He had received the gift of faith.

The Hour of Triumph

by V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

THE enemies of Jesus were the powerful chief priests and the Pharisees, the mighty magistrates and the ancients. And they were the leaders of the people. His foes had chosen for Jesus the most ignominious death ever devised by pagan fiends. It was their hour of triumph.

To crucify a man was to brand him as a low criminal. His family would always bear the stigma. Were the mountains to fall on them and bury them in oblivion, some one would discover them and remember their shame.

The enemies of Jesus triumphed on that First Black Friday which we call now Good, Good Friday. They tied the hands of Pilate by a clever ruse. In their hypocritical cleverness they appealed to Caesar, whom they hated. Pilate had to release Barabbas, the murderer, instead of Jesus. The enemies of Christ clamored for His death, saying, "Crucify Him" (St. Mark 15:14)! Pilate weakened, saying, "Shall I crucify your king?" The chief priests answered, "'We have no king but Caesar.' Then therefore he delivered him to them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led Him away" (St. John 19:16).

The humble wayside weeds grew moist with crimson dew on that First Black Friday when a few disciples carried the Crucified from Golgotha to the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. To a virgin tomb, newly hewn out of the rocks, they carried the virgin body—the mangled body of Him about whom Isaias had prophesied "And the Lord was pleased to bruise him in infirmity; if he shall lay down his life for sin, he

shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in his hand" (Is. 53:10). A small group of grieving women, with Mary His Mother, filed down the path. Strong hands held taut the cerecloth upon which they had laid the sacred body of Jesus on the crest of Calvary's hill. The powerful hands of the Crucified trailed in the dust and in the passing touched the weeds that fringed the narrow path.

The humble wayside weeds grew moist with blood-red dew at the touch of these holy hands. These weeds were mute witnesses of a sorrowing train and of Mary's heart-escaping moan. It was the feeble cry of a grieving mother. Yet that cry had a strange power.

The pierced hands of Jesus were still feebly bleeding. Soon the clotted blood would hide the ugly scar of the nails. How they had dug into the sacred flesh! Jesus had welcomed such ugly wounds. For He knew that the texture of His hands would forever hold the gash. Greater victories over the world, the flesh and the devil would be won by all men and especially by those of the Holy Name Society who would see in these pierced hands the blessed symbols of heroic Catholic action. Yet John and the other few disciples who looked on these powerful arms and hands while transporting their Crucified Lord thought only upon the lament of the Psalmist: "O my God, look upon me. Why hast thou forsaken me? Thou hast brought me down into the dust of death. For many dogs have encompassed me. They have dug my hands and feet. They have numbered all my bones" (Ps. 21:17).

When the Precious burden was placed on the slab within the Arimathean Rock, the beloved Disciple folded the bruised arms. He kissed the blistered palms that had carried the infamous gibbet. The impress of John's reverence upon the sacred texture of those finely wrought hands brought to the disciple whom Jesus loved, the scriptural assurance, "I have graven thee in my hands" (Is. 49:16). It was rewarding even in this desolate hour of the night.

Nicodemus, mighty Pharisee, "a ruler of the Jews" and silent witness unto Jesus, joined the small group of mourners on that Black Friday. He had come "bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, in weight about a hundred pounds" (St. John 19:39). He saw the winding sheet hide the powerful hands that had blessed him, hands now rigid and helpless. His well stocked memory might have thought of the apt text: "I called, and you refused: I stretched out my hand, and there was none that regarded. But he that shall hear me, shall rest without terror, and shall enjoy abundance, without fear of evils."

The lowly wayside weeds of Calvary's garden which grew moist with a ruddy dew from the pierced, trailing hands of the Crucified, have long commingled their dust with the ashes of those who witnessed the Great Tragedy of Calvary. Many have stood indifferent to that tragedy throughout the ages. Others, too, have bent back those pierced hands on the Cross and have nailed them again to the Holy Rood, rigid and lifeless. Have they forgotten the words of Esdras? "The hand of our God is upon all them that seek him in goodness: and his power and strength and wrath, upon all them who forsake him" (I Es. 8:22). How long will sullen doubters fail to see the blinding light filling the Arimathean garden as the soldiers on watch there beheld it? The angels of the heavenly throng saw what the blindness of the guards could not see, for, in the doorway of the tomb there came not the torn and anguished Lord Jesus but Christ the Victor, "admirable for age and glory, and envisioned with great beauty and majesty" (II Mach. 15:13).

Why Not A Bishop Sheen Guild?

by Robert E. Slough

All Holy Name Societies could adopt such a constructive plan of action for using their voices to exalt God.

THE DYNAMIC and popular Bishop Fulton J. Sheen was at his best in his television appearance on that final night of his great twenty-six week program last year. Perhaps he had wanted to give his great nation-wide audience something to think about that would last all summer long. The Bishop has the knack of being able to express his thoughts always in a most understandable manner, but the thoughts behind his thoughts are often inscrutable.

Bishop Sheen's theme was contained in his challenge to America that we who are of the West lack the fire and the zeal of the Communist peoples of the East. "Where are our orators?" the Bishop challenged, and in this challenge it could be that he expressed his thought behind his thoughts — more Catholic speakers for Christ — more fire and zeal in their speaking — more "Bishop Sheens" among our laymen — a Holy Crusade of real oratory to rescue America from the infidels.

One evening, just a few days after Bishop Sheen's final appearance last year, I attended a public speaking contest where four young students of our Catholic High School spoke on various current subjects. I heard something which made me think. One of the speakers, an enthusiastic boy in his junior year, spoke about Bishop Sheen. He eloquently told of the Bishop's great "gift of tongues," and of the value of this priceless gift toward the salvation of souls. He went on to explain how this gift can be acquired by any person who has the will. But here is what amazed me. This young man, in a speech

which was written months before that final television of Bishop Sheen, advocated practically the very thing that the Bishop emphasized—a crusade of oratory for Christ.

To make myself absolutely sure, I asked the young student as to when he wrote his speech. He told me it was early in March. I asked him if he had any hint that Bishop Sheen would make that very same challenge to America on the television. Of course he did not have any such hint. And I thought about how "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform," and that here was an example of Christ's words to His people, "a little child shall lead them."

But the young orator went deeper into the matter than that mentioned by the great Bishop. The young man's speech offered a plan, and a very specific and workable one too, which would transform the Bishop's challenge into action. Perhaps Bishop Sheen had the same plan in mind himself, but was prevented from giving voice to it by his innate modesty, its nucleus being the formation of a great Bishop Sheen Guild of Catholic speakers for Christ.

Public speaking is becoming a popular and useful art in almost every field of activity. Why not in our Catholic way of life? Communism is encouraging and actually teaching public speaking to its members. It is a "must" with them. Why should we who are Catholics too often remain silent? Professional men as well as those of industry, commerce and labor are going to school at night to learn and master a subject which should have been given to them with

their A B Cs. There are over a half million men and women attending night classes for public speaking right now. The man is indeed behind the times who thinks that public speaking has an appeal to only a limited group of people. There are over ten million adults in this country who are graduates of private or college courses in public speaking. Every year this number increases by over a half million. The advent of television is adding to this public interest.

THROUGHOUT the centuries our Holy Faith has relied upon two great tools for the salvation of souls—speaking and writing. The Fathers of the Church used these two tools in effective manner, and their successors, our Catholic clergy of today, use these same great tools for the honor and the glory of God. But what about our laity? Must we sit back and leave everything to overworked priests, and say that this is their job alone and we have no part in it? Recent years have witnessed much activity on the part of our Catholic laymen in writing. The field of literature has been invaded by our lay writers with notable success. A glance through this periodical and other great Catholic publications will attest to this, as will many of the best sellers among books. But just a few laymen enter the field of public speaking. The "gift of tongues" seems to be conspicuous for its absence among us.

The Bishop Sheen Guild, as advocated by this young high school speaker, could very well be the answer. And it seems to be amazingly simple, and could

be very tremendously effective. It needs only a few men or women in each city. If but three Catholic laymen, he argued, would agree to give their spare time and their voices to Christ's work, and each of these three later enlist three others, and this go on and on, a great and far-reaching Bishop Sheen Guild of public speakers could sweep our country from coast to coast, and reconquer America for the Divine Speaker of The Mount.

THE YOUNG MAN'S PLAN may be an ambitious one, but it also seems very logical. Christ did not live for His day alone, but for all of the centuries. God certainly did not intend that Peter and Paul and James and their brethren should speak only to the people of their day. The great voice of St. Anthony of Padua was not meant to be just a transient thing, and to be silent after his passing. Nor should the moving power of Bishop Sheen's voice be permitted to die when that great tongue becomes stilled.

But rather, as our young orator has suggested, may the voice of Bishop Sheen go on and on through the years. May a great host of others, A Bishop Sheen Guild of Catholic laity inspired by his example, echo to the world's darkest corners and even behind man-made iron curtains those words of peace and cheer—"God Love You."

We have in our Holy Church here in America an organization which seems almost tailor-made for this great purpose. The great Holy Name Societies in almost every parish would be ideally suited for putting this plan into action. Here are men banded together to curb misuse of the tongue. Why not give them the positive action of promoting its proper use? Here are organizations pledged to combat the sacrilegious defaming of God through the God-given tongue of man. Why not the championing of the project of the use of the voice to glorify God and His Works?

If the streets of our city are dark, we give them more lights. If our children are forced to play on the streets, then we provide playgrounds. When we see the evils of the slums, we start housing

projects. In place of immoral movies we try to encourage clean pictures. We discourage the reading of filthy literature by giving people wholesome reading in the form of our great Catholic Press. If the tongue of man is too often misused to profane the Holy Name, then let our Holy Name Societies adopt the constructive Catholic action of using our voices to the exaltation of God. This they could do, so logically and consistently,

by each society forming within itself a small Bishop Sheen Guild.

God gave to each one of us the "gift of tongues." Let us be good and wise stewards of this precious gift. Let us use the talents Our Lord has given us, increasing them to His Glory. Then may we too hear those great words promised by Christ: "Well done, good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE HOLY NAME

—SWEETER THAN HONEY by JOSEPH P. LARUFFA

It is a name that came from heaven, one given by divine ordinance. In other words, it is a special name given to a Sacred Person not by mere men, but by Almighty God Himself.

At hearing this hallowed name, "every knee should bow, by those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

This name should be pronounced with respect, reverence; we should utter this name devoutly and sincerely. It is a name that all men should love; a name that all the devils hate and fear. It is a holy name, meant never to be profaned or taken in vain; not even in thoughtlessness.

This name is sweeter than honey and more powerful than any bomb. It is a name that is full of meaning and worthy of all praise.

However, the best of poets and the greatest of saints found it difficult indeed to praise this sacred name fittingly. As one writer put it: "How inadequate are all the praises, even of poets and saints, proclaiming it honey to the palate, music to the ear, odor of all sweetness to the nostrils, ravishment unspeakable to the senses that revel in its delights like bees in the heart of the rose!"

It is a name that changes sinners into saints; makes the poor, rich; puts a trusting smile on a patient suffering the agonies of cancer; and makes the martyr go even to his death with a joyful heart.

This great and blessed name gives strength to the weak, support to those beset by temptation, comfort in sorrow, solace to those in trouble and affliction; it gives confidence to the fearful and rest to the weary. It cures the maladies of the body, mind and soul.

Of what name is all this said? The sacred name of Jesus, of course, though much in the same spirit is said also of the sweet and sacred name of Mary. For what can be said of the name of the Son, can often be said of the name of the Mother. What is true of the name given to the Son of God, is in large part true of the name given to His Blessed Mother.

As the Son is greater than the Mother; so too is the name of Jesus greater than the name of Mary. Indeed, the divine name of Jesus is the greatest name of all: "a name which is above all names." However, immediately after the name of Jesus, comes the sacred name of Mary. For, after the name of Jesus, "there is no other in which men find so powerful assistance and salvation as in the great name of Mary."

Therefore, in every temptation, in every need and in every danger, we should immediately think of our Blessed Lady and confidently invoke her sweet and powerful name, together with the holy name of her Divine Son; for these two names are indeed inseparable—they always belong together.

We should always keep the sweet, holy and powerful names of Jesus and Mary on our lips and in our hearts—that having them there in life, we may hope to have them there in death, and forever after death. What an honor and privilege! And what a delight and happiness—to be able to say Jesus and Mary for all eternity!

One of the greatest spiritual writers, Thomas a' Kempis, wrote: "The invocation of the sacred names of Jesus and Mary is a short prayer which is as sweet to the mind, and as powerful to protect those who use it against the enemies of their salvation, as it is easy to remember."

Jesus and Mary—let us constantly and piously say this sweet and powerful short prayer which is so easy to remember and to say, and which means so much to us in the way of salvation!

You And The Universe

by T. E. Holloway

Part IV

"Keeping Up With the Joneses"

Many people resent authority. Even if they are working for somebody else, they don't like

to be told what they ought to do. They complain that the boss is too severe and takes advantage of his position.

Yet these same people allow many of their actions to be dictated by others.

In America we have a mythical family known as "the Joneses." Doing things out of human respect, so that we may be well thought of by others, is known as "keeping up with the Joneses." These Joneses apparently have everything, and we are constantly buying things so that they will think well of us.

We live in a certain neighborhood because it is the thing to do. We have to run with a certain crowd, or we think we have to. We buy a car that costs more than we can afford because someone else has such a car.

Our every action is dictated by others. Yet we resent authority. We don't like to be told what to do, but our every action conforms to a set pattern.

Do you smoke to please yourself, or to make an impression on others?

Certain persons pretend to be independent, but they are independent only in small matters. A college professor may refuse to eat in a certain restaurant because he will not be served there unless he wears a coat. He will not be bound by foolish conventions. Yet he will spend time and money in obtaining a Ph.D. degree which is often no more than a conventional stamp of approval of some university. He might amount to more if he studied what he liked and ignored this academic brand of conformity.

It is said that many rich men fail to give money to worthy causes because they don't want their friends to call them "suckers."

Doubtless some believers fail to proclaim their faith in God because of human respect — because they fear not God's opinion but man's opinion.

A great financial or professional misfortune will convince a person of the unimportance of human respect. A man may have a prominent position in a company or a government bureau. He is popular with his equals, and is regarded with awe by his subordinates.

But let enemies take his high position away from him.

Overnight he loses the human respect that seemed to be his due. His former associates want to forget that they ever knew him. He writes letters to one-time friends, and receives no reply. His former subordinates immediately lose their awe of him. He is no longer made of superior clay. He is the lowest of the low.

When a man has been through all that, he begins to realize how little the good opinion of the world amounts to.

His next reaction may be to perceive how much the good opinion of Our Lord means to him. As humans cast him aside, Christ may draw him to Himself. And presently the unfortunate may discover that his enemies, in their zeal for his destruction, have really brought heaven within his reach.

The Automatic Response

Are you one of those people who have to think and decide as to whether to get up in the morning, whether to brush the teeth, whether to shave today?

If you are, I am sorry for you, because I know how much trouble you give yourself. Every little thing you do requires thought. Is it worth-while to do so-and-so? Why should I do it today? Can't I put it off till tomorrow?

The more you make your life automatic, the easier living is for you. The thing to do is to train yourself to respond automatically to as many signals as you can.

When you are crossing the street and you hear the horn of a car, you automatically stop or move faster to avoid an accident. You don't take time to decide what to do.

In the same way, the ring or the buzz of the alarm clock can make you leap out of bed. But if you remain in bed for a while, you are putting a burden on your brain. You are forcing your mind to decide whether to get up. You are worrying yourself, blaming yourself for staying in bed and at the same time urging yourself to rise. On the other hand you are saying to yourself, "Why shouldn't I stay in bed a while longer? Why get up *now*?"

This procrastination starts the day wrong for you. Finally, you do get up, after a long argument with yourself, pro and con. At last you find yourself in front of the bathroom mirror.

"I look pretty good. I'm not going to see anybody special. I don't think I'll shave today. But maybe I should

Let's see, when did I shave last? Well. . . ."

And so it goes.

At last you find yourself at your desk at the office. There is a lot of work that you should do. You glance through the pile to find what is easiest. Should you do this or that? What is easiest to start with?

And so you go through the day, your mind forced to make one trivial decision after another.

The happy person is the one who does the little things of life automatically, one who forms good habits. The alarm clock rings. Without a thought he jumps out of bed. Brushing teeth, shaving, bathing are done without thinking—so much so that sometimes this well adjusted person does not even know whether or not he has performed some minor task.

With all these *little* duties out of the way, the efficient person can give all his attention to the *big* things of life.

He meets some important man during the day. He doesn't put his hand up to his cheek and say to himself, "Gee, I look terrible for not shaving this morning. I hope he don't notice it."

Instead, our friend of the good habits is at ease, giving all his attention to the prominent visitor.

It is necessary to make a decision in an important matter. The brain has not been wearied by making a dozen routine decisions. The mind is fresh. It grasps the essentials of the problem. The solution presents itself as if it had materialized out of thin air.

The successful individual is the person who is the master of his time—who does the little things automatically and is ready to give his trained intelligence to the big things. The failure is the one who is the slave of all the little things of daily living.

Why Be Snobbish? Being snobbish is to think yourself better than others because you have more than they.

You have more money, a finer home, a better car, a more aristocratic family — and therefore you are better than the rest.

The peculiar thing about snobs is that they are snobbish not about what they have earned for themselves but about what someone else has given them.

A man who has made a fortune realizes that the money came from work and from luck. Maybe some of it came dishonestly—perhaps he is enjoying wealth that is rightly the property of some poor widow and her children.

At any rate, he sees no reason to be snobbish about it. He knows where the money came from, and how it came. But take his son or his grandson—there you may find a snob.

A person who inherits money may think that the fortune comes to him by right. He is blessed with money simply because he is what he is — a very wonderful being, indeed.

He is mistaken.

The snob is a snob because he is nothing but an ignorant, self-centered individual. He will cease being a snob as soon as he realizes how little he amounts to.

"From a Neglect of Thy Inspirations . . ." We pray that Our Lord will prevent us from ignoring His inspirations.

"From a neglect of Thy Inspirations, O Lord deliver us."

How often some priest or pious nun gives us a "holy picture" with a prayer printed on the back. And how often do we put the card aside and ignore the prayer!

This is not to say that we are bound to use every prayer that comes under our eyes. But it does mean that we should avail ourselves of certain opportunities or inspirations that come to us.

For instance, we are invited to join the League of the Sacred Heart. We decline. That is our right. And we commit no sin in refusing to become a member of this organization that asks us only to say a few prayers daily and offer an occasional communion in reparation to Our Lord for the crimes committed against Him.

But as we decline, we might ask ourselves, "Am I putting aside a chance to serve God? Am I ignoring one of His inspirations?"

The Luxury of Anger There are some people who seem to think that it is smart to lose control of themselves in anger. They "blow their top." They "bawl people out." They show everybody that they will "stand no nonsense."

They fail to realize that they may be hurting themselves far more than they hurt the victims of their outbursts. They are straining their nerves, their hearts, their blood vessels.

This is not to say that anger is not right in the right place. An example of righteous anger is Christ with a whip chasing the money-changers out of the temple.

The wrong kind of anger is that of a boss, for example, raging against an underling who can't strike back. The poor devil has made a mistake. A kind word would set him right.

But the boss hasn't any kind words in his system. Before he left for work this morning his wife "bawled him out." Enraged, he is ready to jump on any unfortunate who gives him the chance.

The result is that the efficiency both of the boss and his assistant goes down to zero. For a time neither of them can do any worth-while work. One is sick with rage, while the other is ill with resentment.

We are advised to count ten before speaking an angry word.

It is good advice, but we might also tell ourselves that nothing but harm is accomplished by a childish outburst of temper.

We have grown up. We are citizens of the universe.

"What will I or the universe gain if I lose my temper?

The universe cannot benefit. The subject of my rage will be harmed. And I myself will end up with a headache and increased blood pressure. Maybe, in my rage, I shall fall to the ground dead. Such things have happened.

"After all, this fellow who has annoyed me may not have done so intentionally. Why not ignore the whole thing, and act like nothing has happened?"

"Behold Thy Mother" "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother.

"When Jesus had seen his mother and the disciple standing whom he loved, he saith to his mother: Woman, behold thy son.

"And after that, he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour, the disciple took her for his own."

Jesus, on the cross, gave to St. John His mother, and through John He gave her to be the mother of the whole human race. And John "took her to his own." And we have taken her to our own.

Mary doesn't take the place of Jesus or come between us and Jesus. God is so far above even the most perfect of human beings that there can be no comparison.

But she is the most powerful of creatures, and we appeal to her to use her influence for us with her Son.

At the marriage feast of Cana she had only to say, "They have no wine."

The shortage of wine would seem to be of little importance. It wasn't a matter of life and death. Suppose they didn't have any wine? What of it?

But Mary saw that her host would be embarrassed. She wanted her Son to do something about it. But she didn't go to him and say, "Son, these people are going to be the laughing-stock of their guests. The wine has given out. They will be criticized. Now, won't you do me a favor? I know you can. Work a miracle for me. Please!"

One of us might have made a speech like that, but Mary didn't. She merely remarked, "They have no wine."

And such was His love for her that Jesus performed His first miracle, even before its time.

We go to Mary and tell her our woes. We go to great lengths. We say many rosaries and novenas. We need this and we want that.

But Mary needs only to say, "They are in trouble."

Our Lord can and does deal directly with us, and we can and do deal directly with Him. But if He made His mother our mother, let us accept her as a mother—the greatest mother in the universe.

In Touch with The Infinite If an automobile manufacturer should build a car, park it and then never think of it again, it wouldn't last very long. Soon the tires would be flat, the battery would run down, the radiator would be empty and the engine would

begin to rust. In a few years the car would be worthless.

Nor can God, after creating the world, just let it alone and forget about it. He wouldn't, and He doesn't.

He has not been neglectful of the world if He has sent His only Son to redeem mankind.

God knows about us, and it is up to us to know about God. In fact, if we have any intellect we are bound to use it to the best of our ability to understand what God wants of us.

Here we are, with certain duties. As a child, as a sister or a brother, as a parent, as a husband or a wife, we have definite obligations. We are legally and morally bound. And we have obligations to others besides our near relatives.

It is very easy to see that we have our first duty to our children, parents, spouse, and so on.

Beyond that, what?

Each person has to find the answer for himself. But for everyone the answer is to do his work the very best he can. Whether a person is a household servant, a laborer, an office man or woman, a professional worker or an executive, he is obliged to do his best. He owes that much to mankind and to God—even to himself!

And if he believes in God, he owes it to God to offer everything he does to Him.

There is a whole lot in the world besides what we see. We notice around us water and soil, trees and grass, houses and places of business. There are people whom we like or perhaps dislike.

This is not all. What about the Communion of Saints? Do we not believe that the faithful are united in heaven, on earth and in purgatory? Are we not able to talk to the saints in prayer, and are they not able to use their influence as rewarded friends of God in our behalf?

Just how close the angels and saints are to us we don't know. St. Joan of Arc said that she had observed angels walking at the side of Christians—who were quite unaware that heavenly visitors were present. The devil, an angel though a bad one, goes about the world "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." If he, the principal enemy of God, is allowed to roam the world for evil, are the angels and the saints forbidden to visit us for good?

It seems likely that at any Mass there may be an unseen congregation of angels and saints, worshiping God much better than we mortals who imagine that we are the only ones present at the Holy Sacrifice.

But whether such things are so or not, the fact remains that there is God, served by His angels and His saints as well as by ourselves.

We can unite ourselves to this heavenly army by realizing that there is such an army, and that we can be part of it.

We place ourselves in the hands of God, saying, "Here I am. Use me in your august designs. If I have art, use it. If I have talent, use my talent. If I have learning, use that. Even if I am ignorant, may my very ignorance serve You. Grant that I may love You always, and then do with me what You will."

Your Pet And The Rabies Problem

by William Hillary

**Knowledge plus simple preventative measures
can control and offset the dread of rabies.**

RABIES is an acute infectious disease of animals which may be transmitted to man by the saliva of a mad-infected beast. The disease is believed to affect all warm-blooded mammals; it has been found among rabbits, moles, racoons, mongooses, beavers, and many others. Skunks and the dog tribe, including foxes and coyotes, are especially susceptible. The most unpleasant victim is the vampire bat of South and Central America which gives the disease to the people whose blood it taps. Without question, however, the disease is most prevalent among dogs, and the dog is most responsible for the spread of the disease. The cry "mad dog!" still has the power to strike the stoutest hearts with fear, or to plunge the most controlled gathering into complete panic.

Proof that the dog is the principal carrier of rabies in many countries is evident in the almost complete disappearance of the disease from regions where adequate dog quarantine, muzzling, or immunizing measures have been enforced. Thus, rabies is virtually non-existent in the British Isles, Scandinavia, Holland, and Australia.

A number of misconceptions are held by laymen concerning rabies. One popular fallacy is that the incidence of rabies is largely limited to the "dog days" of summer, or to other periods of hot weather. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Rabies is most common in late winter and spring, when stray dogs range the countryside, scavenging for food and seeking mates, but sporadic outbreaks may develop at any time of the year, in any climate. Early in Febru-

ary, it is well remembered, Chicago had a bad rabies scare.

A dog may suffer from either "dumb" or "furious" rabies. In the case of household pets, the "furious" rabies may incite in them a tendency to sulk, or they may become more affectionate than usual. Gradually the animal becomes irritable and excited. It will snap and bite at non-existent objects, become



YEARLY INNOCULATION IS BEST.

easily startled, and may inflict extensive injury to its own body. Shortness of breath, loss of appetite, inequality of the pupils, and a weakness of the vocal cords resulting in a characteristic voice change (a hoarse, howl-like bark followed by a succession of baying barks in a lower pitch) are all present in the early stages of the disease.

At the height of the irritable stage, the animal becomes vicious and violent. If caged, it will make every effort to

escape, frequently breaking its teeth while attempting to chew a path of escape. If free, the animal will wander far from its home, attacking any living thing that appears in its path. During this time the animal finds it increasingly difficult to swallow food and water, hence it will avoid them. The characteristic salivation is caused by swallowing difficulties.

Paralysis ensues rapidly and the animal usually dies from four to seven days after the onset of the disease. Death may occur during a convulsive seizure, or the animal may become completely paralyzed and die in coma. The furious form of the disease always progresses to the dumb form, if the animal lives a sufficient length of time.

IN "DUMB" rabies, the prominent symptoms consist of drowsiness, melancholia, and a paralysis of the lower jaw, tongue, larynx, and pharynx. There is a tendency for the animal to slink away and hide. Food and drink are left untouched because of the inability to swallow. In contrast to furious rabies, there is no irritability or tendency to bite, unless the animal is disturbed. The paralytic symptoms gradually become more pronounced, and the animal lapses into a coma and dies two or three days after the onset of the disease.

Rabid dogs are relatively insensitive to pain and often mutilate themselves during an attack of furious rabies. Rabid wolves and foxes frequently invade farms and attack men and domestic animals in broad daylight. Wild animals

with dumb rabies will generally avoid company, seeking death in seclusion.

Here is how rabies is spread. The saliva of a rabid dog, for example, contains a virus which is introduced into the body through a break in the skin made by the tooth of the animal. Since the virus travels along the nerve routes, a bite on the head, face, or neck is especially dangerous and may produce symptoms within ten days. An arm or leg wound may not cause the disease's symptoms for thirty to sixty days. In other words, the nearer the brain, the shorter period between entry of the germ into the body and the onset of symptoms. This is referred to as the incubation period. A large or deep wound will cause the disease to appear much earlier than a shallow wound or a simple tooth wound.

The brain cells of an animal dying of rabies contain "Negri bodies," which can be detected under the microscope. Material from the brain or spinal cord injected into an experimental animal will give it rabies, indicating that a living organism is responsible for the disease. The detection of "Negri bodies" in the brain during an autopsy is positive proof that the victim died of rabies.

If a dog should bite you or one of your children at any time, what should you do?

The first thing to do is to *wash the wound promptly*, gently and thoroughly; with soap and water, which is now considered actually more helpful against rabies than the fuming nitric acid cautery. An antiseptic may also be supplied. Dress the wound.

Always consult a physician at once; do not wait to see if rabies develops.

Notify the local health officer or police officer, or have the physician do so. The dog should be confined and observed in every instance to determine whether it has rabies as well as to guard against more bites.

It is of the utmost importance, in case of a dog bite, to obtain information on the circumstances surrounding the incident, including, first of all, the identity of the dog and its owner. Do not depend on the observations of others,

particularly children. They are likely to give false descriptions, and people often hide their dogs when a furor develops over a bite. Try and find the dog's reason for biting, and watch for unusual behavior that may indicate rabies. Ask the owner to confine the dog, but make sure he does not kill him. Instead, take it to a veterinarian for observation. If the dog is not rabid, the bitten person does not need Pasteur treatment. If the dog is rabid, it will die and its brain can be examined to clinch the diagnosis.

ALTHOUGH no *cure* for rabies has as yet been found, the veil of mystery and ignorance has been torn from it. The cause of rabies, the ways in which it can be transmitted, are known. While the disease is still not *curable*, it is *preventable*. Through inoculation with rabies shots, known as the Pasteur treatment, by far the greater majority of cases can be prevented. These shots consist of inoculation with weakened rabies virus. The important thing is to start the shots as soon as possible after infection, and to continue them long enough to give adequate protection. This treatment is of no value after the symptoms of rabies appear!

Modern experience shows that com-

pulsory, yearly dog vaccination is the cheapest and safest way to control rabies. Many states require the reporting of all dog bites by any person having knowledge of, or treating, a dog bite, and demand that the owner or person having in possession a dog inflicting a bite surrender the animal to the health department for inspection and observation. Anyone who has had any firsthand experiences with the dreaded rabies disease knows that such a regulation should be enforced in all states without exception. The yearly vaccination of a dog costs only a few dollars at the most, yet one dog suffering from rabies may incur thousands of dollars worth of damage quite apart from the immeasurable amount of worry, pain, and heartache.

The public must realize the deadly power of the rabies virus, and understand the seriousness of any dog bite, no matter how small or casual it may be. Louis Pasteur's original preventative vaccine treatment has, to be sure, been for generations our main weapon against this killer. But in our day, common sense dictates that lives may be saved even more surely by enforced yearly vaccinations of dogs with a modern rabies vaccine and immediate attention to every dog and any bite.

Wayside Sorrow

DESMOND LONERGAN

It's only a sinner to see You, Lord,
I'm sorry no one's here
More worthy than I am to visit You,
But I won't come too near.

The years have been lonely without You, Lord,
For all of pleasure, sin;
A sigh in the darkness, and tears revealed
My longing deep within.

O Lord from Your Gibbet look down on me
Who helped to nail You there,
For a sinner, to pause and look at You,
Is very hard to bear.

So Lord I will go now, a sinner still,
And weak, but I entreat,
When next I would reach for hammer and nails,
Show me your Hands and Feet.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.

Blessed John of Vercelli, Pray for us.

On May 10 the fourth solemn novena in honor of our Founder, Blessed John of Vercelli, will be started. Since we inaugurated these days of prayer in honor of Blessed John, many graces and blessings have been received. Through Blessed John's intercession, Holy Name men and their families have increased their devotion to him and have earnestly prayed that he will soon be numbered among the canonized saints of the Church. The reason why this May novena is being started on May 10 is the fact that May is the month of Our Mother and Blessed John had an ardent devotion to her and the propagation of her Rosary, Mary's own prayer. This being the Marian Year, we believe that much good will be accomplished through these special days of prayer. The novena begins on the tenth also because of the fact that it is the feast day of St. Antoninus, Blessed John's brother Dominican, who also had a great devotion and love for the Blessed Mother. The novena will close on May 18.

We invite all Holy Name members to join with us in these prayerful days and to write the Vercelli Shrine here at National Headquarters, sending in your petitions for favors desired. A recent bit of evidence of how this devotion has spread in the last two years is seen in the fact that the Holy Name Society of a church in Brooklyn sponsored a Blessed John of Vercelli Triduum last month. It was preached by the Very Rev. H. C. Boyd, O.P., P.G., and was the first public novena in the great Dio-

cese of Brooklyn to honor the Founder of the Holy Name Society.

Shortly a new manuscript on the life of Blessed John of Vercelli will go to the printer, for public presentation in pamphlet form. Written by a distinguished Dominican preacher and teacher, Father Paul C. Perrotta, O.P., of St. Antoninus Priory, Newark, New Jersey, installments of the life have been appearing in this magazine. We are hopeful that the Blessed John pamphlet will be available before the summer months come around.

Organization

On March 18, Father Thomas Shanley, O.P., of this office, and I had a meeting with the Most Reverend Bernard J. Flanagan, Bishop of Norwich, the Diocesan Spiritual Director, Father Bernard L. McGurk, also of Norwich, Connecticut, and the Holy Name District Directors of the newly formed Diocese of Norwich. At the meeting plans were made for the re-organization of the Society in the Diocese. When plans are complete the actual work of re-organization will take place. This we hope to accomplish starting next fall. From the enthusiasm and interest of the Bishop, as well as all the Directors, we feel certain that an efficient organization will be working effectively in this new Diocese.

A Mistake

In our last issue of the Journal I erroneously stated that Father Ted Brophy had been named Diocesan Director of the Holy Name Society in the

newly formed Diocese of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Since this column, at that time, was written on the West Coast, and from memory, I inadvertently named my old friend as being the new Director. I should have stated that the new Director, a mutual friend of Father Ted and myself, Father Bartholomew Skelly, is the Diocesan Director of the Bridgeport Diocese.

On March 19 I spent the afternoon and early evening with Father Bart, in Trumbull, Connecticut. Many problems came up, none of which are such that cannot be solved. Father Skelly has proved himself to be an efficient re-organizer and we feel sure that soon Bridgeport will have a very effective Holy Name Society. Since Father Shanley and myself are from Connecticut it gave us great pleasure to inaugurate the Holy Name Society plans for effective Holy Name Societies in our own state. To Father McGurk, the Director of the Norwich Diocese, and to Father Skelly, of the Bridgeport Diocese, we offer our congratulations and promise to give them every assistance that is possible.

The Cost

On March 16 a fellow alumnus of Providence College, Thomas H. Bride, upheld a six weeks penalty imposed on a Rhode Island worker by the Department of Security. A board had rendered this decision to penalize a worker for incessant and scandalous "cussing." The man was fired after the employer warned him repeatedly for using profane language in the presence of other workers,

including women. If every state in the union had such a rule on its statute books and it was rigidly enforced, much more respect and honor would be given to the Lord and the Holy Name. So congratulations to you, Tom, a true Holy Name man.

Requiescat In Pace

On March 12, in Providence, Rhode Island, Robert J. A. Quinn died at the age of 84. In the baseball world he had known both great success and failure in a long string of years as a baseball player, manager and president of various clubs, in both the National and American Leagues. There was one world, however, in which he knew nothing but success, and that was in the spiritual world. He was a great Holy Name man, a daily Communicant, an earnest promoter of retreats and an inspiration to all who knew him.

One of the most effective speeches I ever listened to was given by Bob Quinn

at a Chicago Father and Son banquet. On that night he spoke on a problem that beleaguers us today, juvenile delinquency. In about ten minutes he gave a direct and an effective solution to that problem by saying, "If there were more Father and Son banquets, more occasions when fathers made their sons their pals, there would be no juvenile delinquency."

In the passing of a great man we bow our heads in prayer, that he now enjoys the heavenly reward which he so justly deserves.

Farewell

After 17 years of arduous work by means of which the Holy Name Society of the Montreal Arch-diocese has thrived, Father John Purcell, its Director, has retired. On all occasions, Diocesan conferences, directors' meetings, national conventions, in which it has been my happy privilege to be with him, I could see clearly why the Montreal Union was so successful. It surely had

a splendid director. Father Purcell has a pleasing personality, is gifted with a sincerity that is given to few, and possesses a deep zeal and love for God and His Holy Name. In these attributes, one could find the secret of his success.

A testimonial will be offered Father Purcell in the near future. If my schedule permits it at all, I shall be present. To the new director, Father John Colford, we offer our congratulations. While he has a difficult ideal to imitate, we are assured that the new director will equal in zeal Father Purcell and will be just as successful in his Holy Name labors. To you, Father Purcell, we say "Farewell." To you, Father Colford, we say, "God be with you in the work that is ahead."

An Award

We at Holy Name Headquarters are always pleased when we learn that one of our Diocesan directors, because of his work on the Holy Name, receives recognition from his Diocese and the Church. Such recognition comes now to the Very Reverend Father F. McElroy, the widely respected Archdiocesan Director of the Boston Holy Name Union. While Father Frank is young, he justly deserves the title of Monsignor, and his Holy Name Society friends all over the country will rejoice with him in his new honor. Father McElroy has been a hard and successful worker for the Holy Name. His gracious personality, his facility for working with men, together with his love of the Holy Name has made the Boston Archdiocesan Society the success that it is. So we are thankful that Archbishop Cushing and the Church have recognized and given a great priest the honor of the Monsignorship. May Msgr. McElroy enjoy the honors that go with that award for many years to come.

A Relic

Last year, in May, it was my privilege to visit the city of Vercelli, some 350 miles northwest of Rome. This was the town from which Blessed John, our Founder, received his name, though he was born in a little village somewhat removed from Vercelli. This interesting

(Continued on page 35.)



In a preliminary meeting called by the Most Reverend Bernard J. Flanagan, J.C.D., D.D., to plan for a diocesan reorganization of the Holy Name Society in the Diocese of Norwich, Connecticut, these priests conferred with the Bishop. Front row, left to right, are the Rev. Bernard L. McGurk, Diocesan Director, Very Rev. H. C. Graham, O.P., P.G., National Director, Bishop Flanagan, and the Rev. Thomas Shanley, O.P., Editor of the Holy Name Journal. In the second row are the newly designated Holy Name district leaders: the Reverends F. B. Miller, St. John's, Middletown; Kenneth P. Flint, St. Joseph's, New London; Robert W. Talmadge, St. Mary's, Norwich; B. A. Gadarowski, St. Joseph's, Rockville; and Theodore E. Berube, All-Hallows, Moosup.



"To God By Way of Malvern"

By Francis G. Kent

Here is what it is like to make a good retreat. Step by step in this story of a Malvern retreat, you can see how earnest men draw closer to their Divine Savior.

IN A PICTURESQUE RURAL SECTION of Chester County, Pennsylvania, touching the outskirts of the little town of Malvern, lies St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills. A far cry from the busy city life of Philadelphia, this Malvern Retreat House offers a true resting place to the tired minds and weary hearts of men trudging the rugged and hazardous road of life. They invade this quiet laymen's hide-a-way from all sections of the country, though mostly from Philadelphia, an average of 270 each weekend, to refresh their souls and carry back to their work-a-day world much needed grace and a clearer understanding of their purpose in life.

The retreatants are from all stations of life. The professional man, the business man, the tradesman, and the laborer—they come from the offices, the factories, the mills, from the big city and the small suburb. Each man has but one purpose in mind, to shelter himself with his Creator for just forty-eight hours, in which time the man can give serious thought and study to the complicated issues of life and death.

There is an air of unexplainable beauty about St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills, a beauty that can be felt in the hearts of all

those taking part in its spiritual activities. The entire 150 acres which belong to the retreat house comprises a scene of sweeping hills and rolling country-side.

This is Malvern, where the somewhat hard-boiled, the troubled or unsettled creature of our modern-day world may suddenly change back to the happiness of his childhood, and in simple fashion bow humbly and reverently to his God. Here he hides himself from the routine of every-day living; releases himself from the distractions and accommodations of the telephone, television, radio, newspaper . . . and family. In this time of retreat the men will respect an almost continual rule of sacred silence and participate in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Benediction, meditation periods (which are really talks or sermons by the priest conducting the retreat); he will pray the Rosary, make the Stations of the Cross through the quiet woods, join group pilgrimages to the many shrines. He may have a private conference with a priest, and he may enjoy fifteen never-to-be-forgotten minutes alone with the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed.

Malvern excludes no willing soul from taking part in



Malvern Retreatants Praying at the Tenth Station.

Retreatant leads his fellows in prayer at Station.

these weekend retreats. Numerous non-Catholics make up part of the groups, and many are the curious who enter the retreat grounds with an air of awe and expectancy and leave with the realization that they have found what they have been searching for. More numerous are the men, fallen-away Catholics, who come to Malvern with sorrow for their past life. It is here where an understanding God opens up His Sacred Heart and bids them enter once again. But of course the bulk of the retreatants are the practical Catholic men, husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, who come seeking strength and grace to enable them to hold on to their precious Faith. They come to bestow special honor on their Creator, granting Him His due respect and worship while hoping for the added blessings He must shower on the "Men of Malvern." As the present Retreat Master, Father Kane, so conveniently summed it up for me: "They come here to find God, to come back to God, and to get closer to God." That is the story of St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills.

THE SEED for the birth of St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills was planted in the mind of one John Ferreck, back in the year 1912. A Philadelphia business man, he was on a trip to New





Servicemen in own retreat group start from chapel for the Stations.

York when he learned about a retreat for laymen at Mt. Manresa, Staten Island. So delighted was he with this new experience that he hurried back to Philadelphia to spread the news of his findings. He talked to his many friends and inquired as to whether they would be interested in beginning such a movement for the City of Brotherly Love. He urged them on so insistently that their curiosity was aroused and they decided to act on his request. A small group banded together and invited Father Terence J. Shealy, S.J., to conduct a retreat in St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

This first endeavor was so successful that with due ecclesiastical authority the men formed an organization chartered as the "Laymen's Week-End Retreat League of Philadelphia." They elected as their President John J. Sullivan, a local attorney, who up to this present day is still the elected head of the League.

The movement began to grow so rapidly that it was suggested by the late Cardinal Dougherty that the men should procure a retreat house of their own in which week-end retreats could be held throughout the year. Immediately, the men began to look for a suitable location. After inspecting several sites they finally decided on the present one, which would be properly secluded and at the same time convenient

to transportation facilities.

It is important to remember that it was then, as it is now, an institution with purposes entirely spiritual, yet owned and maintained by laymen. All the necessities were and are provided by the membership.

At the time of its purchase St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills was an estate belonging to a family named Coxe. It consisted of the main house, now St. Joseph's Hall, and the coachman's dwelling, known today as Captain's Hall. Since that time many additions have been added to accommodate the spectacular growth of membership. Today you would find modern buildings used as dormitories and serving other important purposes. In later years the movement has grown to such an extent that in reality each week-end covers two separate retreats. They are separated in all activity except at meal time, when both groups fit into the large modern dining hall, which seats 300 comfortably.

COME with me to Malvern! Let us spend, in make-believe fashion, a typical week-end at St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills. We leave the outside world behind and make our way through the winding road that leads to the commodious Colonial edi-

(Continued on page 32.)

Blessed John of Vercelli

by Paul C. Perrotta, O. P.

CHAPTER XIV — DEATH AND BEATIFICATION

So bright and strong is his spirit, the Master General will not give in to bodily weakness. But gradually exhaustion overtakes the brave leader and, back in one of his own convents, he dies in the odor of sanctity.

WHEN John arrived in Vienna to open the Chapter on May 17, 1282, he was greeted with joyous news. The Abbot of Fossa Nova, where Saint Thomas had died in 1274, had opened the tomb and found the body of the Saint intact and as fresh as in life, while giving off a pleasant odor, a clear sign of his sanctity.

In the Chapter, John ordered every possible acquiescence to the wishes of the bishops. He advised the brethren not to use the privilege of the Pope but to ask bishops for faculties. His circular letter after the Chapter is a long and beautiful one in which he incites the brethren to the practice of the loftiest virtues.

After closing the Chapter, John started out for Germany. His body now refused to follow the drive of his spirit. He was forced to take frequent rests. The weather played further havoc with his plans. His condition deteriorated, yet he was fully determined to make for Montpelier, where the next Chapter was to be held. The brethren, alarmed, begged him to indulge in a vehicle. It was unconstitutional, he replied: the Dominican in his poverty cannot ride on a horse or in a carriage. He must walk. The brethren, however, found a way out of the impasse, a credit as much to their sacrificial love of him as to their intelligence. Ingeniously they prepared a palFREY, set him on it, and then taking it

upon their shoulders carried him to the next convent. The brethren there then took up the relay to the next convent and in this manner, perfectly constitutional, effective indeed, even if somewhat cruelly cumbersome, the Master General proceeded to Cologne, then to Strasbourg. He became weaker and weaker, but his mind remained clear, as his spirit remained undaunted. He knew he was on his last journey. It but filled him with joy.

Riding on the Saone, he came to Lyons, then on the Rhone to Avignon. By December of 1282, he was in Montpelier. The weather bettered. He enjoyed Christmas with the novices, for it was to be his last and he wanted to spend it with the infants of the Order. He gathered them often around him, giving them spiritual conferences and inciting them to the pursuit of perfection in the holy vocation of the Dominican priesthood. For their particular benefit, he had a manual drawn up which proved very useful to the rising generation of Dominicans. It was his last personal act, very fitting with the tenor of his whole life.

ON JUNE 6, 1283, the Chapter opened. John, now in his eighty-fourth year, feeble in body, presided with a mental vigor that would do credit to a man under fifty. The education of the novices

came in for much discussion and regulation. He sent a letter to all the Provincials warning them to be solicitous on this point. Having discovered that abuses in the title of Preacher General existed here as they had in Italy, since the Provincial Chapters of Marseilles and Carcassonne had created too many preachers, he revoked all the titles.

In his last circular letter, dispatched by him after the Chapter, we find many beautiful passages full of tenderness and sage advice. It was the Dominican, the General, the Holy Name man, the Saint preaching his last sermon:

Take up that silence which is found to be wanting in so many and check that wagging tongue. Wound yourselves not with discussions and worry not about false accusations. Let us present ourselves with fervent prayers before the divine majesty as men jealous of the Order in whose bosom we have been regenerated by Christ, and let us, above all else, take care that the cold wind of evil kill with its chill the sweet buds of grace that have sprouted in our hearts. Rather, let us welcome the heat which comes to bring to maturity an abundance of fruits in the garden of virtue. Oh how we shall exult in the time of the harvest, particularly if we have planted with tears, for on our shoulders we shall be carrying the sheaves of joy.

Remember me often, I pray you, so that the many defects to which my weak and fragile nature is subject may be covered by your suffrages and render me worthy to safeguard your welfare and the Order's as long as it is given me to live.

The grace of our Savior, Jesus Christ, the

love of God and the consolation of the Holy Spirit be with you always.

John spent the summer of 1283 in Montpelier trying to regain a bit of his physical strength, but the body which had sustained so many labors refused to improve. He grew weaker and weaker. With the coming of autumn, he thought of setting out for sunny Italy to escape the cold. He was anxious to get to Bologna where he had made his novitiate, where Saint Dominic, the father of his Order, dwelt in eternal peace in the tomb John had been honored to provide for him. The next Chapter had been fixed for Bologna with this in mind.

Bravely, then, in September, the General started out for Italy. A few days' march out of Montpelier, however, sapped all of his remaining strength, so he sought hospitality in a nearby Cistercian abbey where he was most honorably received and tenderly cared for. He fretted, nevertheless, for with death about to claim him, he found himself away from home. He wanted desperately to die in a convent of his own Order, so despite the friendly remonstrances of the Cistercians and the filial concern of his brethren, he gave orders to be taken back to Montpelier.

With loving devotion, the brethren set him on their shoulders and began the journey back to the Dominican convent. When the group neared the priory, it found the whole community assembled in files outside, waiting to receive the sick General. As John saw the brethren lined up so sadly before their convent, he uttered a prayer of gratitude to God for having given him this favor, and then as he was carried through the files he spoke tenderly to them, saying, "It is God's will that I rest with you."

He was put to bed and attended with great solicitude. Though the flame of his corporal fire grew dimmer and dimmer his spirit's zeal flared up bright as ever. His mind remained clear, his speech and hearing normal. He was able from his sick-bed to utter edifying discourses and he kept inspiring all with his practices of piety.

On November 30, 1283, he sweetly

expired in the company of his brethren. His great soul winged upward above the snow-capped mountains to the throne of Him Who dwells above all the heights of this world.

A magnificent funeral was given him attended by all the nearby dignitaries. A chronicler says that never in the history of the region had so much honor been paid to anyone else.

They buried him at the right of the high altar in the conventual church. This tomb became the focal center of a great veneration for John which sustained itself throughout the centuries. Not only the brethren, but other religious and the people themselves knew him to be a holy man, so they visited his tomb often, prayed there, and sought miracles through his intercession. Many were wrought, which all the more increased the devotion of the faithful.

THE TOMB of John of Vercelli tragically was desecrated in 1562 by Calvinists in the terrible religious war that raged in France. The heretics burst into the church, overturned everything, opened the grave, dismembered the

body and then fired the church. It was completely destroyed, and not a trace remained, after the fire, of the body of John.

But more than a trace remains of his life. No one could eradicate the memory of a life so nobly lived for God. He was the perfect type of the apostolic religious, the true Dominican, the preacher of the word. The Holy Name had been the well-spring of his pious thinking and laboring. He had preached its honor in season and out of season. Therefore, rightfully he is given a name which for the Holy Name Society shall ever be dear, the name of Father, of Founder of a Society now so great, thanks to his siring.

John of Vercelli was beatified by Pope Pius X. That Pope himself is now a Blessed and is well on to canonization. This has happened in our time. In our own time as well, may we see John advance to canonization, for if ever a man is worthy of the name of saint it is he who founded the Holy Name.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This chapter concludes the history of Blessed John of Vercelli and his times.*

Abuses Of The Tongue

Let not many of you become teachers, my brethren, knowing that you will receive a greater judgment. For in many things we all offend. If anyone does not offend in word, he is a perfect man, able also to lead round by a bridle the whole body. For if we put bits into horses' mouths that they may obey us, we control their whole body also. Behold, even the ships, great as they are, and driven by boisterous winds, are steered by a small rudder wherever the touch of the steersman pleases. So the tongue also is a little member, but it boasts mightily. Behold, how small a fire—how great a forest it kindles! And the tongue is a fire, the very world of iniquity. The tongue is placed among our members, defiling the whole body, and setting on fire the course of our life, being itself set on fire by hell. For every kind of beast and bird, and of serpents and the rest, is tamed and has been tamed by mankind; but the tongue no man can tame—a restless evil, full of deadly poison. With it we bless God the Father; and with it we curse men, who have been made after the likeness of God. Out of the same mouth proceed blessing and cursing. These things, my brethren, ought not to be so. Does the fountain send forth sweet and bitter water from the same opening? Can a fig tree, my brethren, bear olives, or a vine figs? So neither can salt water yield fresh water.

Epistle of St. James the Apostle, Chap. 3, 1-12.

Action on the Parish Front

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by Fred A. Muth

Once again we approach the second Sunday of May when an entire nation, by Presidential proclamation, will pause to pay a fitting tribute to the most noble and elevated calling in the world, "Motherhood." On May 14 men from every walk of life and from every level of society will in their own way honor their mothers and all mothers of America.

It is completely fitting and proper that the day so chosen for this observance of Mothers' Day falls within the month of May, a month dedicated by Holy Mother the Church to Mary, the Queen of all Mothers, the Mother of God. The American people are fortunate to have Mary Immaculate as their patroness. Eight years before the definition of the Immaculate Conception by Pope Pius IX on December 8, 1854, the first Council of Baltimore had chosen Mary under the title of the Immaculate Conception as principal patroness of the United States. Mothers' Day, this year of 1954, therefore, has a special significance in America. It is the 100th anniversary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is the Marian Year of 1954. It is the Marian Year Mothers' Day.

May 14 is also our regular Holy Name Sunday. We, as Holy Name Men, are dedicated to the service of Jesus Christ. By our every thought, word, and deed we pledge to honor and reverence the name and person of Christ. It is only natural, therefore, that we honor and reverence His Mother. She it was who gave us Christ, who wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. Mary ministered to His human needs and guided Him through His

early childhood. Mary followed Him during the days of His public life and stood beneath His Cross when He gave her to us as our Mother with the words, "Son, Behold Thy Mother." Holy Name men, therefore, have a special reason in this Marian Year to give public testimony of their love and reverence for the Mother of God. May 14, Mothers' Day, presents Holy Name men with a special occasion to dedicate their monthly program to their mothers, to all mothers, to Mary, the Mother of God. It is altogether fitting, therefore, that every Holy Name Society plan a special Mothers' Day program for the second Sunday of May.

Corporate Communion

Our Marian Year Mothers' Day observances should begin with a joint corporate Communion Mass for all the men, mothers, and wives of the parish. Let us all join hands on this memorable Holy Name Sunday to show the world the importance we attach to the foundation stone of society, motherhood. We can spiritualize the occasion of Mothers' Day in this way and by living example proclaim the place that religion must occupy in the home and the inviolability of the family. Extend an invitation to every man and ask him to invite his mother and his wife to receive the Holy Eucharist with the Holy Name Society on Mothers' Day.

Attendance Promotion

Careful and well planned promotional efforts must be made in order to successfully carry out a program such as this. The following attendance promotion suggestions will be worth your while

looking into:

1. Send an attractive post card announcing this special program to every man of your parish. Include in the notice an invitation to the mothers and wives.
2. Extend the Holy Name Society's invitation to the women of the parish through the officers of the women's organizations in your parish.
3. Your pastor will cooperate by making special pulpit announcements relative to the affair.
4. The sisters in school would be happy to cooperate by sending a note of invitation into the homes via the school children. Why not solicit their help?
5. Cleverly designed posters for the church vestibule and the school hall would also assist in publicizing the event. Make it a parish event of significance. A Marian Year salute to the mothers of the parish.

Communion Intention

The month of May offers a natural Communion Intention for all those who will participate in our program. Ask everyone to offer their prayers at Holy Communion for their mothers—living or deceased. No other gift would be more appreciated than a remembrance in prayer at Holy Communion.

Mothers' Day Spiritual Bouquet

As a visible sign of our spiritual gift a small spiritual bouquet card could be secured and presented to all who receive Communion with the Society. This card should have imprinted upon it a brief Mothers' Day message. It would be well

if diocesan unions made these available to their branches. Parish groups can purchase a suitable card at their church supply dealer and have a message imprinted on the reverse side.

Breakfast Meeting

While we realize that a Communion Breakfast meeting is unique for some Holy Name societies and that for others it is the normal monthly event, may we suggest that a Mothers' Day program lends itself exceptionally well to a breakfast meeting. Why not arrange for one? Certain local problems may present themselves, but we are sure that one of the following plans could be adopted with variations where necessary.

Plan No. 1—Invite the mothers and wives of the Holy Name men to join the men at the breakfast meeting. A committee of men can be appointed to do the serving.

Plan No. 2—Where the facilities are not large enough to accommodate all the men and women, invitations can be extended to the officers of the women's organizations of the parish, as guests of honor at the Holy Name breakfast meeting. These specially chosen women can represent the mothers and wives of the parish. Again in this case a committee of men could plan the serving of the breakfast.

Plan No. 3—In place of the regular Holy Name breakfast the men could conduct a special breakfast for the ladies of the parish on this their day. The men could do the serving and plan the entire program of the morning.

Plan No. 4—Where it is absolutely impossible to accommodate any of the ladies it would be wise to conduct a regular Holy Name breakfast meeting with only Holy Name men attending. The program could be arranged as a tribute to the mothers of the parish.

If the idea of a breakfast meeting just does not fit in with the situation in your parish, then why not plan an outstanding evening meeting and program for all the men and women of the parish.

A special Mothers' Day program could be arranged and the event sponsored as a special Family parish gathering in celebration of the Marian Year Mothers' Day.

Meeting Hints

Whether you conduct a breakfast or evening meeting, the affair should be planned with care and dignity. Some of the following suggestions may prove helpful if you are searching for ideas:

1. Ask the young ladies of your

The Emblem Of Christ

Wearing the emblem of the Holy Name Society is but another way of professing publicly honor and devotion to the Son of God and His Holy Name. It may also be said to be a constant reminder to oneself of our being dedicated to His cause. When we see, in all walks of life, men and women proudly carrying banners, wearing pins and the other paraphernalia of a mere political party or a social organization, why should Holy Name men be slow or negligent in carrying the emblem of their Divine Leader and of their Society? Every member of the Holy Name Society should be proud to wear the emblem of the Society which was founded to show public honor and reverence for the Holy Name of Jesus.

parish to take over the entertainment feature of the meeting.

2. Decorate your breakfast tables or evening meeting hall with a few flowers and candles so as to add a little festive touch to the occasion.

3. Present attendance prizes to some of the mothers present—possibly to the youngest and oldest mother present, or to the mother with the largest family, or better still to the mother with the largest number of sons in the Holy Name Society.

4. Secure the services of an outside speaker to present a suitable address to both the men and women present.

5. Despite the fact that you have special guests at your meeting be sure to conduct the important business of your Society. You will be surprised how interested the women will be in your activities. This is their only op-

portunity to see what goes on at a Holy Name meeting.

Election of Officers

The month of May is also the month during which the officers for the following year are to be elected. If your nominating committee which you appointed at the April meeting has functioned properly, it will be ready to report its findings to the Society. The actual election of officers will only take a few minutes. The reason that it is important for you to conduct your elections at this time is to give your new officers an opportunity to watch the outgoing officers wind up their affairs at the June meeting—and to give them a running start for the beginning of the new activities year in September. As soon as you have elected your officers be sure to send their names and addresses to your Diocesan Holy Name headquarters. Then they can service them properly from the very moment of their inception into office.

Membership Committee Alert

When it comes to the matter of membership promotion it is well to remember to alert your membership committee on all special occasions such as this to be on the look-out for new members. Men will attend special functions of this kind without ever taking time out to join the group. Any man contacted correctly at a time like this will develop into an exceptional active member. The approach, however, must be tactfully made and he must be made to feel welcome in the group. A good rule to follow is "Keep your eyes open for manpower, it's what good Societies are made of."

Our last monthly program for this activities year will be outlined in these columns next month. It will be the program for the month of June. Our program for the year calls for an observance of Catholic Education Month. Our Communion Intention will be "Religious Vocation." We shall also discuss the installation of officers procedure, a function which should take place at your June meeting.

The Dread Tribunal

by E. J. Keegan

Some people claim they just can't see telling
their sins to anybody.

"CONFESS my sins to a man?
Never!"

How many times have we heard that about the Sacrament of Penance? It is said with such fervor and indignation that one wonders whether the objector is afraid of the priest, afraid of himself, or just afraid. To a "cradle Catholic" the objection is so odd that he really cannot understand the attitude. To him, confession is so natural that he is tempted to think the objector is slightly mental.

Did our non-Catholic objector but realize it, he is actually confessing every day of his life. He would be an unnatural man if he did not. From his infancy onwards he constantly unburdens himself to someone or other. As a baby when he fell and hurt himself his first reaction was to run to his mother and tell her all about it. With tears in his eyes he would recount the story of his fall and she, in her love, would wipe away his tears, bind his wounds, comfort and console him and send him away happy and smiling. Confiding in his mother and her response to that confession all but obliterated the memory of the fall.

At school he made particular friends in whom he confided his hopes, his ambitions, or his mistakes. In his home he confessed his loves, his hates and his feelings towards outsiders in the confidence that his words would not be betrayed by his family. As he grew into adult life he betrothed himself to his future wife and they confided to each other their plans, to the exclusion of all other listeners. When they married and

became a sacred partnership there were no barriers to their confidence in each other. But such confidences as they exchanged, or such confessions as they made, were inviolate to outsiders.

It is the most natural thing in the world for men to confess, and the Divine Savior and the Church, in imposing this duty, is only asking us to do the natural thing. She could never ask us to do anything unnatural, anyway. But with her injunction she gives a guarantee. That guarantee is inviolability. In our other confessions we can never be sure. Even unwittingly our relatives or friends may betray our confidences, but in the Church confessional—never! Those of our separated brethren who doubt this can amuse themselves in checking this. It will be a full time job trying to find an exception. For their encouragement we recount the following:

There is an ex-priest who for many years has been a prominent figure in an atheistic society and has written several books against Catholicism. One evening he was lecturing to a large audience and, as customary, asked for questions. A man in the meeting stood up.

"Mr.——" he said, "you were a Roman Catholic priest for many years and must have heard a number of confessions. As you are no longer under the seal can you tell us some of the sins confessed to you?"

There was a long pause before the lecturer answered. Then he said: "It is an extraordinary thing that though I have a vivid memory of most of the people I met and the things that happened while I was in the Church, I can-

not recollect a single thing to do with the confessional. I cannot for the life of me remember who came or what was confessed. But, even if I could, I would not repeat it. The penitents who came to me, came as they believed to a priest of God. They trusted me as such. I see no reason, even now, to abuse that trust."

What held him back? And Who imposed that singular forgetfulness?

OUR separated brethren stand aghast at confession to a man, but some of them have no hesitation in confessing to *men and women*. Witness the Buchmanites. Consider too, the people who willingly pour out their troubles to psychiatrists. They are prepared to submit to questions that no priest would dare ask. Neither have people any inhibitions in discussing their most intimate problems with doctors or lawyers.

Those who visit psychiatrists and often pay heavy sums of money for advice seem to be unaware that Catholic priests for two thousand years have been practicing the right sort of psychiatry and have been achieving, with God's help, remarkable success at no cost to the applicant. The confessional has made Catholics very poor customers for psychiatrists. If the practitioners had to rely on Catholic customers they would soon shut up shop.

It is significant that the incidence of suicide among Catholics is very much lower than that of any other body of people. Most suicides are the result of pentup feelings, lack of faith in oneself and everything else, and hopelessness

generally. Having no one in whom to confide with absolute confidence, faced with self imagined futility and seeing no way out of the supposed morass, the poor, tragic suicide plunges to death. How many unfortunate people would have been saved this step if they had had the advantage of the confessional, for the confessional is not only a tribunal of justice but an enquiry bureau and an advice center for all who seek assistance.

NO OTHER PLACE in the world is the scene of so much sorrow and so much happiness and joy. The click of the confessional door is the signal for the rejoicing of the angels as the door opens to release one person who has shed a load of sin and closes upon the next who seeks pardon for his wrongdoing. No place has brought so much peace to so many people in so little time. It is the scene of more dramas than have ever been, or could ever be, presented on stage or screen. But not every confession is dramatic. Most of them are humdrum, as is to be expected when the majority of us are humdrum.

None but the priest and penitent know what great consolation and encouragement is attached to the confessional box. Naturally there are many stories woven about it, for nothing amuses Catholics more than a humorous story about confessions, especially when there is a moral drawn.

A famous mission priest who had a saintly reputation always drew immense congregations whenever he gave a mission. After the services his confessional would be surrounded by crowds of penitents. One day, however, he felt very ill. Courageously he carried on with his work and, not being willing to disappoint the large number of penitents, he immediately went into the box when the service was over, prepared to stay as late as might be necessary. The parish priest, however, was too sympathetic to allow him to do this. He told one of his curates to go into the church and explain the position to the waiting penitents and ask them to put off their confessions, unless there was dire need.

The curate did not beat about the bush. He used words economically. Marching out to the waiting crowd he announced; "The missionary father has been ill all day and should be in bed. Unless any of you are in mortal sin, please defer your confession for tonight." With that he left them, the story says, and went into his supper. When he had gone an uncomfortable hush descended upon the penitents. Each one looked around to see what the other would do. Nobody cared to make the first move. At long last one man got up and walked out. A stampede followed and in a few minutes the church was empty.

The Stranger's Quest

JOSEPH B. STEPHENS

What heart can reach your heart and
blend

With yours in perfect understanding?

What hand can clasp your hand and
lend

Itself in friendship undemanding?

Where is the love of perfect accord—

The love without question or falter?

Where is the mind as clean as a sword,

That none would be tempted to alter?

Who understands what is hidden behind

The words and the deeds of another?

None can be sure if he seeks, what he'll
find,

Though he look in the mind of his
brother.

Each man is alien to all but himself—

Standing alone, unique in his kind,

A lone entity, vague as an elf,

Searching for something he never can
find.

Searching for surcease of loneliness.

He clasps a friend, a parent, a wife;

In hushed entreaty for happiness

He seeks, vainly questing all his life.

Alone in a teeming, roistering mob,

Alone in the midst of ones we love,

We look to Heaven with smile or sob

And know what we seek is only Above.

Confession is not always easy, as every Catholic knows, and it sometimes requires a tremendous amount of moral courage, particularly when one is in grievous sin. To encourage people to overcome any repugnancy in this respect and to assure them that no sin is too shocking to confess, another missionary used to tell this tale from the pulpit.

A man went to confession and after reciting a list of his offenses he paused. The priest, not knowing whether he had finished, asked, "Is there anything else?"

"Yes, Father" answered the man, "there is another sin, but it's so awful that I cannot mention it."

"Come, come. You must not speak like that. Your confession will be valueless and sinful unless you tell all your grievous sins. Don't be afraid. You cannot tell me a sin I have not heard about before."

After some delay and trepidation the penitent said: "Well, Father, I am married and my mother-in-law came to live with us. She made my life a misery. At times I felt like murder. Then she fell ill and for weeks was confined to her bed, but she still lashed me with her tongue. One day the wife went shopping and I was left alone in the house with the patient. A sudden temptation came over me. I crept up the stairs, gently opened the door of her bedroom and saw that she was fast asleep. On tip toe I crossed to the bed and quickly put both my hands around her neck and pressed hard until she was dead."

There was no response from the priest and thinking he had not heard him aright the penitent said: "Did you hear what I said, Father? I murdered my mother-in-law."

The priest, who had had a trying day, yawned and said: "Oh, yes. How many times?" Or so the story goes.

Next to the Holy Eucharist no sacrament is so consoling and strengthening as that of Penance. It is the sheet anchor of the practicing Catholic, the passport for the returning wanderer and the life raft for all members of the Church. Far from being a burden, confession is a divine gift which we would not barter for all the wealth of the Indies.

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

AMONG the many tragedies of contemporary American history none have had more serious implications than the too frequent instances in which traditional Yankee self-confidence has permitted the nation to let its guard down. All this may be hindsight, but the fact of the matter is that after World War II—and mainly because of political pressures—we withdrew our magnificent armed forces from Asia and Europe too soon. As that conflict drew to an end our diplomats had already made concessions at Yalta—and subsequently at Potsdam—nullifying those great military victories that had prepared the way for a just peace. Then, in San Francisco the United Nations came into being, ultimately only because our policy makers submitted the nation to a veto compromise that gave to Russia a weapon she has used to frustrate all major purposes of the U.N.

When objective evaluation of this period is possible, years hence, it is probable that stupidity rather than treachery will be assigned as the final explanation of why these things were allowed to happen. However, there is little doubt that historians will concur in the conclusion that in each instance of failure to match the evil genius of Russian diplomacy our commitments were made in the assurance that when the cards were down we could handle the Russians in our own way. The last decade has revealed the disastrous dimensions of our illusion.

The Case of Local 301

Against this background of international disillusionment, with its clear

evidence of the tragic results of American over-confidence, the big labor news of March 1954 is disturbing. On March 9th, with almost dramatic suddenness, Local 301 of the independent United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America announced its readiness to return to the International Union of Workers, C.I.O. Local 301, you see, is the biggest unit of the union of electrical workers expelled from the C.I.O. in 1948 for alleged Communist domination. At present it represents about 20,000 production workers in the giant Schenectady plant of the General Electric Company and has been described as the "hard core" leftist affiliate of the Red-tinged United Electrical Workers. For five years Local 301 has not only been the most loyal group within the U.E. but has also successfully checked every effort of the I.U.E.-C.I.O. to supplant it as bargaining agent for the Schenectady workers.

These two facts, alone, prompts the question, "Whence comes this about-face on the part of an allegedly Communist-dominated union which has consistently beaten the I.U.E. in every bargaining election held at the plant?" It may be that the publicized account of the secession of this local from its parent organization actually tells the whole story. Or it could be that we have here the first act of a drama in which the anti-Communist I.U.E. is cleverly taken over—on directive from Moscow. At any rate, by mid-March the situation in Schenectady was the result of the following developments.

On March 10th, by a show of hands, a substantial majority of the members of

Local 301 had indicated support for the decision of their leaders to transfer affiliation to the C.I.O. national. A further series of membership meetings will undoubtedly confirm the leadership in its determination to break with the U.E. It is generally believed that when the Schenectady local leaves the U.E.—which claims to represent some 78,000 G. E. workers throughout the nation—the addition of 20,000 members to the I.U.E. will place that organization in a dominant position at all G.E. plants.

Undoubtedly, the secession of Local 301 is a personal victory for the man who has done most to rid the nation's electrical workers of party-line leadership. James Carey fought the Communists and fellow-travelers in the original United Electrical Workers and lost when the union was expelled by the C.I.O. Almost immediately, however, he began the organization of the present I.U.E.-C.I.O. which has aggressively contested the jurisdiction of the U.E. throughout the electrical industry. Repeatedly he has urged U.E. locals to return to the C.I.O. fold.

Seemingly this formal invitation was the response to the widely rumored secret negotiations between Mr. Carey and Mr. Jandreau, the business agent for the G.E. local. Also, rank-and-file revolt was in the making. Indications of a possible shift in allegiance were the refusal of the local to support six of its members who tangled with Senator McCarthy; and a petition circulated among the Schenectady workers asking that the union constitution be amended to permit the ousting of those members, or prospective members, who appealed to the

Fifth Amendment in refusing to give testimony before a legislative committee. It has long been known, of course, that large numbers of G.E. workers have opposed U.E. jurisdiction. But failure to completely understand the issues at stake and personal loyalties for individual leaders have frustrated the efforts of the I.U.E. to win collective bargaining elections in the G.E. plant.

On the surface, then, it would appear that developments in Schenectady have prepared the way for the elimination of one more allegedly dominated area of Communist leadership. However, certain aspects of the Schenectady affair, we believe, place the negotiations in a far less favorable light. There are too many intangibles, too many ominous possibilities in all this. In short, the price of the gain to the I.U.E.-C.I.O. might come too high.

Leo Jandreau, the business agent of Local 301—and the gentleman most responsible for the break with the U.E.—refused to tell a House Labor Subcommittee in 1948 whether he was, or had been, a Communist. Since that time Mr. Jandreau has been identified, periodically, with Left Wing groups. This is the man with whom Mr. Carey is carrying on negotiations. This is the spearhead of the drive to place Local 301 in the anti-Communist I.U.E. If Mr. Jandreau and his group had suffered defeat in their efforts to bargain collectively for 20,000 G.E. workers the effort to affiliate with the C.I.O. would make sense. Actually, U.E. has beaten its rival each time that the jurisdictional bargaining right has been in dispute. Then why is Mr. Jandreau intent upon seceding from U.E. at this time?

Officially, the answer to that question is contained in the petition of Local 301 for admittance to the I.U.E. "Our weakness," the petition, protests, "has been a national one and is being reflected locally." The petition further protests that the 1948 split between the two groups has "made it impossible to make any substantial gains with G.E. workers." Perhaps this is the true and the underlying reason for the move. Certainly, the division in the ranks of the na-

tion's electrical workers seriously weakens the bargaining position of both unions. However, the possibility that the merger might be part of a clever infiltration tactic is by no means far-fetched. The pattern is familiar and the opportunity very real. The electrical appliance industry—particularly the electronic division—is vitally important to national security. Assured continuity of production is possible only with peaceful industrial relations. The power to create dissension among electrical workers is the power to cripple strategic areas of the electrical industry. Commies or party-liners are immediately suspect. But the men who once led a Communist dominated union can conceal their efficient obstructionism behind the legality of an anti-Communist affidavit while they still take orders from Moscow.

Shades of John L. Lewis

Back in the turbulent Thirties when the newly formed C.I.O. was making its spectacularly successful drive to organize the great mass production industries John L. Lewis badly underestimated the dedicated stubbornness of Communist unionists. Because the numbers of workers in the chemical, electrical appliance and automobile industries seeking admittance to the new unions was so great the available union organizers were far too few to cope with the situation. A sizeable group of trained union people had left the parent A.F. of L. but they were simply overwhelmed with work. At this juncture Lewis accepted the help of men whom he knew to be Communists. He was warned of the danger of infiltration by both David Dubinsky and the late Sidney Hillman. These gentlemen had fought the Reds in their own garment-worker unions for years and had defeated them only by using their own skilful tactics against them. Lewis, with characteristic bluster confidence, maintained he would use the Commies to get things started and then summarily dismiss them from the unions they had helped to organize.

The degree to which the Communists outsmarted Lewis is now a matter of historical record. Exploiting the real and

alleged injustices of unskilled and semi-skilled industrial workers; identifying themselves with the organizational successes of the period; gaining the confidence of the rank-and-file members of the new unions by their willingness to "go to bat" for anybody with a legitimate—or illegitimate—gripe; they solidly entrenched themselves in the leadership of key C.I.O. unions. *The irony of the situation was that the membership of these unions was ninety percent non-Communist.* Returned to office yearly because they produced economic gains for their constituents, they exercised strict control over their organizations and waited for the revolution. Instead of the Revolution we had a World War in which Russia was an ally in the conflict. And then we had years of unprecedented prosperity. Together these two factors upset the Commie time schedule. But after more than ten years of existence the C.I.O. had at least eight unions—overwhelmingly anti-Communist in membership—still led by alleged Communists or Left Wingers. In 1948 these unions were expelled from the C.I.O. But they are still cleverly led and still representing workers in vital areas of American industry.

It may be that the leaders of Local 301 have been permanently converted from the Communist persuasion of their U.E. affiliation. It may also be that the howl of protest from Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Matles of the U.E. is really authentic. But it could just possibly be that the Schenectady affair is part of a new Communist approach to the heart of America's electronic industry. It could be another case of "If you can't beat them, join them." What happens in other U.E. locals will be the tip-off. At any rate, Mr. Carey, and his I.U.E. must be eternally vigilant. They must do a better job than the U.E. in representing the interests of America's electrical workers. And they must make certain that it is the I.U.E. and not ambitious ex-Left Wingers who are credited with this better job. The American labor movement paid dearly for the overconfidence of John L. Lewis. It couldn't stand another such mistake.

A Banker Looks At Holy Name Finances

Louis C. Fink

THIS IS NOT an essay on how to make money for your Holy Name Society; rather it's a collection of ideas on keeping track of whatever money you manage to make. Whether your Society's income is fairly large or almost nonexistent, it will pay you to keep track of it. As a matter of fact, the possession of some adequate records of your finances may help you to take in a little more money next year, and to spend what you have more wisely.

Furthermore—and this is important—a simple bookkeeping system together with some of the safeguards to be recommended here will prevent the possibility of disputes within your Society. Holy Name men can certainly be trusted, and we are not talking about dishonesty, but there is always the possibility of mistakes. Adequate records will prevent most of the disputes about whether or not the Society's money is being handled wisely.

In the first place, there is no need for an elaborate set of books, nor for any complicated records. I have been a banker for 25 years and am quite familiar with cost accounting, and double-entry bookkeeping, and all sorts of vouchers and audit controls. Unless your Society has a fantastic amount of money on hand, there is no need for complicated techniques. A simple permanently bound notebook will do.

The first step I would recommend is to set up a budget for the year ahead. This, too, can be simple, but it should be done at a meeting of officers and committee chairmen. I suppose a typical budget would itemize expected income from such sources as:

- Annual Dues or Voluntary Subscriptions
- Breakfasts
- Sale of Medals and Books
- Fund-raising Projects
- Contributions

As you can expect, the list of expenses might be longer. Since most of the work of the Society is done by committees, it might be well to allocate your funds to committee chairmen. Something like this:

- Membership Committee
- Breakfast Committee
- Entertainment Committee
- Committee Selling Religious Articles
- Publicity Committee
- Welfare Committee
- Secretary's Expenses
- Treasurer's Expenses
- Gifts to Church

Each Society will make its own list of income and expense. My plea is to put that list on the first page of your budget book, so that there can be no question about it later. Each committee chairman knows how he stands and how much he has to spend. If miracles happen, and you take in more money than you expected to, it will be a simple matter to adjust your budget later in the year.

The second step I would recommend for getting your financial house in order is opening a checking account at your local bank. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, Society officers should not be asked to mingle Society funds with their own money, nor should they be asked to assume responsibility for cash. Banks have elaborate protections to safeguard your funds, and if you don't trust your bank, you can place your faith in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. If your bank is a member of F.D.I.C. (and they must advertise it if they are), then your deposit will be guaranteed by F.D.I.C. up to \$10,000. The fee for this insurance is paid by the bank, not by you.

There is another reason for having a checking account, if you need a reason. Let the bank do most of your bookkeep-

ing! Pay all the bills you possibly can by check; make deposits and get a receipt each time. Then you have deposit slips and cancelled checks as the best records in the world, and every month or every quarter the bank will send you a printed statement of your account.

MANY clubs get some friend in a bank to arrange an account without charge. Since most such accounts are small—with lots of activity—I think this is a bit unfair. A far better solution is to ask the bank for a "Special Checking Account" (it may have another name where you live). Under this arrangement, if it is permitted for clubs, the bank charges a flat amount—usually five or ten cents—for each check you draw. If you can get such an arrangement, the amount you pay will be very small, and yet you will be under no obligation to the bank whatever.

If you don't have a Special Checking Account, you may find that the Society account goes on a Service Charge. The bank will figure out how much it costs to handle your checks, and how much revenue they can get from your deposit. You will be asked to pay the difference. Here, too, you will have done the honest thing and will not be under any obligation to the bank.

When opening your account, I would certainly recommend that you require two signatures on checks. Usually, these are the president and treasurer. If that is not convenient, it is possible to have the treasurer sign checks alone, with some provision for another officer approving all expenses—perhaps by his initial in the budget book.

Now you are in business with a budget and a checking account. The third step is simply to mark one page for expenses and one page for income, and then make an entry for each item. Put down the

(Continued on page 36.)

the current scene

frank j. ford

The Way of the Bigot

In an editorial discussion the means used by those who would stir up ill-feeling toward the Church in this country, the *Denver Register* notes, "There is utterly no argument but bigotry in favor of monopolizing of public health benefits to include only public school children. Neither is there the slightest argument outside religious intolerance, for keeping school bus transportation away from parish school children.

"We have so much of this sort of intolerance in the United States, often preached from sectarian pulpits and spread around by secret societies whose chief goal it is to pester the Catholic Church, that people have become used to it and no longer stop to analyze it. Even though a person like Bishop Oxnam was able recently to make a public remark in contempt of the Ku Klux Klan, he nevertheless promotes the POAU's idea that Catholics want union of Church and State and are engineering an unconstitutional invasion on public funds for their schools. Most would agree with him about the Klan; but the POAU, which Oxnam helped to organize, is still fairly new, and its bitterness toward the rights of Catholic children still passes as patriotism. After another generation, the POAU will be rated in the public mind alongside the Know-nothings, the A.P.A., and the K.K.K. Oxnam is still as anti-Catholic as the POAU.

"It is difficult for us to think," says the *Register*, "that anybody really believes a Catholic child does not have the right to bus rides and health services or even free civic textbooks. But millions have been hypnotized into thinking they believe this, through an actual use of

mass hypnosis that is frequent in modern life. A fanatical leader keeps insisting and insisting on some untrue but cleverly put saying, and the crowd actually accepts it as true because he keeps repeating that it is.

"This," points out the paper, "is actually the way a hypnotist gets his work across. He insists that his subject is getting sleepy, and the person does. Then he repeatedly tells that person, after a sense of surrender or even of unconsciousness comes, that this person is to do such and such a thing. The person does it and if told to do it at exactly 3 p.m. tomorrow he will. This method is precisely what Hitler used, what Stalin used, and what Mussolini used. *And it is precisely what the charlatans of our day and country are using in their attempts to stir up bigotry.*"

A Poor Speller

Dr. Charles H. Coleman of Eastern Illinois State college, notes that Abraham Lincoln wasn't of much account at spelling. He misspelled 60 words between the ages of 22 and 34. He wrote "verry" 29 times during this period and also managed to mangle such pushovers as "beginning," "privilege," "confering," "deferred," "repelled," and "prairie." Even so, Dr. Coleman wryly remarks, he could have spelled down most of today's high school students and plenty of college students, as well.

"This," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "we can believe. Lincoln's trouble was that he was not exposed to the virtues of progressive education. He experienced no 'felt need.' He would have profited by learning from the core curriculum. His social studies would probably have acquainted him with the slave

as a 'community helper.' He would have met his teachers' requirements of adjustment in a social group, and, having achieved that, would not have been under any compulsion to spell correctly or to know much about anything else, either. He would thus have been relieved of the obligation of making such contributions to literature as the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address. Nobody, in fact, would ever have heard of him."

Catholic Principles

Two great principles of Catholicism, unity in doctrine and fixity in conduct, emphasizes Father Paul H. Hallett, "have been applied by all great enterprisers to the sphere of their own activity. Without unity of thought and fixity of plan Alexander would never have crossed the Granicum and begun and carried out his conquest of Asia; Napoleon would never have conquered at Marengo.

"But," says he, "if these two principles which breed firm character, are indispensable for these partial undertakings, why should they not be adopted for the conduct of marriage, for personal purity, for the maintenance of monastic discipline, for obedience to ecclesiastical authority, and for all the great institutions on which our civilization is founded? It is one of the worst errors of the enemies of Catholicism that they view objects only under one aspect. They do not see that the moral world, as well as the physical, is a whole compact of infinitely varied relations, of indirect influences (like consecrated virginity), which work at times more effectively than those that are direct; that everything forms a system of correspon-

blence and harmony, where part may not be isolated from part."

Tale of Two Fishermen

Sportswriter Jack R. Griffin tells of a lady in Seattle who was awakened in the chill pre-dawn hours by a clatter outside her house. "She looked out the window," recounts Griffin, "and noted two suspicious characters prowling about the yard and put in a call to the police. A few minutes later, a couple of burly officers corraled the screeching prowlers and the lady went back to bed, secure in the belief that all was right with the world again. Within an hour, she got a call. It was from her husband, who for all her knowledge was supposed to be asleep in the house. He was in jail. The two suspicious characters pounced on her by the police were her husband and her brother-in-law. They were sneaking out to go fishing.

"But," goes on Griffin, "as bad as things turned out in the Seattle episode, they are not on a par with the lady from Chicago and her treatment of her husband some time back. This lady was aroused one morning while her husband was tiptoeing off to some fishing spot. She reached over to a nearby table, picked up the alarm clock, and delivered a beautiful overhand pitch, hitting her husband on the noggin. The poor oaf spent 10 days in the hospital getting his scalp sewed back together. The wife later explained she had been dreaming she was a girl baseball player. When half awakened, she said, she mistook the shadowy figure of her husband for a runner trying to steal second. She was merely trying to cut him off. Instead she cut him down as effectively as if he'd been felled from the blast of a 12-gauge shotgun, at close range."

Religion In Early America

In Colonial America, and in many towns for a long time after the United States was founded, nearly all public and private schools gave attention to religious instruction, points out Msgr. Matthew Smith. "This was true especially in Protestant New England," he ob-

serves, "where union of Church and State prevailed. The *New England Primer*, composed mainly of Scriptural and doctrinal material, was used for 150 years as a textbook. Furthermore, catechisms were taught and memorized in the schools, and there was prayer twice a day.

"The secularization of education began about 1775. Religious freedom was guaranteed in the Constitution (in effect 1788), and states began to take financial responsibility for education under political control. A class soon arose who thought the way to avoid religious dissension in these schools was to make everybody ignorant of religion. Although many writers claim that the secularization of public education was incidental, the facts of history are against them. The movement was deliberately put over. It did not gain wide sway until long after the Constitution had operated, and the secularistic ideas of today would have shocked the early American Protestants.

"One familiar with the public schools knows that a great deal of religion does seep into them," concedes Msgr. Smith, "but it is not systematically taught. A Protestant minister, the Rev. L. A. Weigle, however, has written: 'It is true that in some states and many communities each day's session is yet opened with the reading of a brief passage from the Bible and the recital in union of the Lord's Prayer. With this exception the program and the curriculum of the schools give practically no place to religion and afford no conscious recognition of the part that religion has played and is playing in the life of humanity.'

"It is significant," concludes Msgr. Smith, "that the Catholic idea of the necessity of religion in education is being seriously studied by many Protestants today. Some good is sure to come from it."

Era of the Gouge

The shakedown to which today's citizens are exposed at every hand, have caused one man, at least, to cry out in anguish. "Whenever I go out of town—

and especially when I visit New York—it's the Small Gouge that irritates me much more than the large expenses," bemoans Sydney J. Harris, widely known midwestern journalist. "I resent paying a penny extra for cigarettes at a hotel news stand. Or three dollars for a small bucket of ice sent up to the room. Or 50 cents for candy in a theater lobby, when the same candy sells for half that price just outside the door. I resent the doorman with a perpetually outstretched paw and a smile ready to turn to a sneer unless his genteel blackmail is met. And the hatcheck girl who is paid a pittance to make you feel like a worm unless you tip her lavishly—with all the money going to an impersonal 'syndicate' worth millions.

"All these are trivial instances—yet they reflect a philosophy of Grab that is, in the long run, harmful to a democratic society; for they place an irrevocable strain on personal relations. The fabric of any good social order," Harris insists, "depends on a current of warmth running from one person to another. Running not only in one's own community, but throughout one's country. If the visitor to another city feels plucked and victimized by his own countrymen, how much more suspicious should he be toward foreigners in a strange land? The professional heartiness of the hotel and travel ads is a self-defeating mechanism, so long as the whole organization is geared toward getting as many eggs out of the goose as fast as possible.

"Even though newspapermen are supposed to be (and are) experts in making out fictional expense accounts, I have never yet returned from a trip to New York without losing money—for it is impossible to put down the thousand petty tips and bribes and 'extras' that a visitor inevitably incurs. This has nothing to do with the tipping system, which is pernicious enough; or with the nature of traveling; or with anything except the attitude of 'gimme' that pervades a ruthlessly materialistic culture. The old train robber at least cut an heroic figure; the modern cadger is a cringing soul who dimes you to distraction and quarters you to death."

To God By Way Of Malvern

(Continued from page 20.)

fice known as St. Joseph's Hall. Follow me as we climb the porch, go through the big, old-fashioned doors and on to the library where we must register. Let us say that we have been assigned to Corrigan Hall. Our room does not have a number. It has the name of a Saint, and we proceed from St. Joseph's to our room. After we unpack and settle ourselves to the strange surroundings, it should be about time for us to proceed to the dining hall. The meals, you will admit, are as fine as any you would find in the leading hotels of the city.

After finishing our meal we should find our way to the chapel in St. Joseph's Hall, or some other remote corner, and examine our conscience in preparation for Confession, if we wish to confess. Next, after Confession, we gather in the Chapel with our fellow retreatants for meditation. Now there is a short sermon by the priest conducting our particular retreat, followed by Benediction. Then we are informed that the sacred silence is beginning. This means that we must refrain from talk of any kind, except in an emergency or to talk to one of the priests.

Before you go to sleep you whisper a small prayer of thanks to God for allowing this wonderful experience to befall you. This is the end of your first day at Malvern . . . you are well on your way to making a good retreat.

That firm tapping on your door and the voice greeting you with, "Let us bless the Lord," is a signal for you to answer, "And give thanks to God." The prefect who has awakened you knows from your responding with the age-old phrase that you heard him. The prayer also indicates that your thoughts should be on God from the first thoughts in the morning until the last thoughts at night. After you have washed and dressed you must step out into the hall-way with the other retreatants and recite the Angelus. Then you will proceed with me to the chapel where you will take part in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, after an instruction on the explanation of the Mass and Vestments. Of course if you have gone to Confession you will receive Holy Communion.

As we leave the chapel in a group we will be reciting the "Hail Holy Queen." When we come to the flag-pole we will say a short prayer while the flag of our country is being raised.

The rest of the morning will be spent mainly in the chapel in meditation. You will have some free time but it must be spent in silence, for the rule is in effect once again. At 1:00 we will gather for the Angelus and then start for the dining hall once again. When you go back to your room after dinner, prepare yourself for a long walk. The "Stations of the Cross through the woods" is in order. When you have completed this spiritual journey you will realize why you have heard so much about it. It is most impressive.

The Stations are over and we go to the chapel for spiritual reading. There is another short conference and by the time this is over we are ready for the Angelus once again.

INTO the dining hall once again for another delicious meal, and it is at this point that you realize you are more than half way through your retreat. On the way out of the Hall you may buy some religious articles on display. A short time after dinner there will be blessing of religious articles in St. Jo-

seph's Hall. After this comes the Rosary. You can say it alone in your room or you can go to the chapel and say it in a group. If you prefer, we can take a walk about the grounds and say the Rosary together. We want to be sure to be back in time for the interviews, however, for this is important. You can choose any one of six priests to go to. What for! well, anything that has been troubling you lately, anything at all. This is your opportunity "to get it off your chest." Or maybe it is just something not so serious that you would like to discuss. That's okay—just go in and bid the father the time of day, but you must be interviewed. By the way, if you miss him tonight you will get another chance tomorrow.

Again we enter the chapel for another conference, followed by Benediction. On our way out we had better look at the notices. Private adoration began in the morning and we should find out when our turn comes up for fifteen precious minutes in the Oratory of our Hall with the Blessed Sacrament, alone! Here we are! You're scheduled for 3:00 A.M., and I'm down for 3:15 A.M. Yes, I know, it's very early in the morning, but it's worth it. Let's get over to our rooms and get to sleep. Three o'clock rolls around awfully fast.

The distant knocking sound I hear makes me realize that the time has come. This is it! the high-light of the entire retreat! You are already in there with Him . . . nervously I wait for you to end your adoration period. It is pleasantly silent all around. Suddenly I glance at the clock! 3:15! As I enter the Oratory you are startled. We don't speak to each other, for we are respecting the sacred silence. I won't have to wait until meal time to find out your impression of the experience, however, for I can see it in your eyes. You tell me, without even uttering a word that you are glad you came. You have never felt so close to God in your entire life. You leave and I am alone with Him. He is mine, now, for fifteen minutes: we are Master and servant in solitude, in peacefulness . . . in love.

SUNDAY's schedule is the same as Saturday. Of course everything is moved up considerably and there is one very colorful and impressive addition . . . the Pilgrimage to the Shrines. Various shrines about the woods represent and honor Christ, the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. You will remember this procession for a long time, men, two by two, walking about the grounds in a group, singing songs and reciting prayers.

Things will be moving fast, now, and before you realize it the Papal Blessing will have been bestowed on you and Solemn Benediction will be over. The time for departure is here! You take a long, last look at St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills, promising yourself that you will be back again next year.

Father James W. Gibbons, former Retreat Master at Malvern and dearly beloved and respected by everyone, wrote: "The Divine Master, not content with having spent years in the domestic retreat of Nazareth, chose to spend forty days in the retreat of the wilderness. In the midst of His evangelical labors He occasionally invited His Apostles to the silence of retreat, saying: 'Come apart with Me into a desert place and rest awhile!' We reiterate this invitation to all men, Catholic and non-Catholic, Jew and Gentile, to enter the solitude of Malvern, this oasis of God, for a few days to walk with Him Who said: 'Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burdened and I will refresh you.'"

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

BY NOW, basketball uniforms have been tucked away in trunks scented with mothballs and the lids have been placed over the baskets. But take one final look back at the national tournament setups of last month, and you'll readily agree that teams representing Catholic colleges gave good accounts of themselves. In Kansas City, the NCAA national collegiate title was a glorious triumph for Philadelphia's La Salle, the Explorers stunning the whole country with their record-smashing 92-76 victory over Bradley. And in New York, proclaiming the NIT tournament victors, the final big headline read "Holy Cross Defeats Duquesne."

Seven of the 12 teams that competed in the NIT represented Catholic colleges. Included were Duquesne University, Holy Cross, Niagara, St. Francis of Brooklyn, St. Francis of Loretto, Pa., University of Dayton and Manhattan.

Of approximately 20 teams that participated in the NCAA sectional qualifiers across the country, at least five bore the banners of Catholic colleges. They were Notre Dame, University of Loyola of the South, Santa Clara, La Salle of Philadelphia and Fordham. Basketball truly has become the major sport at most of the Catholic colleges. Football, it appears, at the majority of these schools is nothing more than a memory.

Another Notre Dame Team

Mention of basketball tournaments brings to mind the Eastern Schools for the Deaf Tournament that began 32 years ago and was held last March at West Trenton, N. J.

For the fourth straight time, the St. Mary Deaf School basketball team

from Buffalo, N. Y., won the title. The Saints supremacy in this tourney has earned for them the nickname of "Notre Dame of the Deaf Schools."

To date, the St. Mary quintet has competed in 12 ESD tournaments, winning four and finishing third on three other occasions. This year they took home 17 awards with them, including 15 trophies and two citations.

The success of the St. Mary quintet is based on many factors. The main one, of course, is Coach Johnny Rybak. The former Canisius College football, basketball and baseball star has been their leader for 19 years. And in that time he has made a thorough study of how to enable youngsters, impaired in hearing and speech, to gain a fuller enjoyment of life.

The St. Mary cagers, for instance, are the only deaf school team in the country that plays a man-for-man defense in a game. That's considered almost a miracle achievement by those who know the handicaps a deaf mute encounters.

"Balance, and the ability to run backwards," is how Coach Rybak accounts for his players adjustment to the man-for-man defense.

"At St. Mary's," Rybak explains, "our students range from pre-school through high school. That means we get boys and girls when they're young (3 years old), and work with them constantly in an effort to obtain balance."

"This is done by jumping, rope-skipping, shadow boxing, dancing lessons and a well-rounded program in the classroom. Our teams' success on offense is based on patterns, numbering ten in variety. Drills in running are held daily. That builds up the player's back and leg muscles."

St. Mary's School has a student body of 290 pupils, ranging from 3 to 21 years of age. It is one of approximately 210 deaf mute schools in the country. It is supported by the State of New York and is operated under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Buffalo Diocese. The faculty consists of 35 sisters and 25 lay teachers.

Athletics are only one phase of a well-rounded academic program for their boarding students. Classes are held in religion, typewriting, book-keeping, Latin, history, English, lip-reading and speech. Following a regular high school day that concludes at 2:30 o'clock each afternoon, the boys attend classes in vocational training. Some learn how to become machinists, auto mechanics, woodworkers, sheet metalists, etc. Those who are not mechanically-inclined are given advanced courses in commercial subjects. Upon graduation, they are placed in industry and business in the area where they live.

Basketball, of course, isn't the only sports activity offered the youngsters. Track, golf, softball, touch football, volleyball, billiards, horseshoes and table tennis are also on the intra-mural agenda.

In the ESD tourney, the Saints have had two streaks that are records. They won it four years in a row, and in turning this trick, have posted 19 straight victories.

Even Notre Dame would be well proud of such a splendid record!

Quote of Note

Recently in the new *Queen of the Missions Magazine*, Warren Brown, nationally-noted sportswriter and after-dinner speaker, wrote:

"Years ago I was making the No-

vena of Our Sorrowful Mother at Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Chicago. I was—to borrow a phrase from golf—six Fridays up, and three to go. Then an assignment forced me to spend the seventh week-end in New Orleans.

"It never occurred to me (all right, I'm stupid) that this devotion, now spread to all parts of the world, was then strictly a Chicago project.

"I had not yet met Father Keane (the novena's founder) even though I knew, of course, who he was and what he was doing.

"I phoned him and introduced myself, saying that I had a request to make. Would he please tell me what Church in New Orleans I might attend that I would not break my string of Fridays.

"At all events, Father Keane told me then he was sorry, but when I returned from New Orleans I could start a new Novena. He was very nice about it.

"Not long after that I had a phone call from Father Keane. He was making arrangements, he said, to have one of the evening Novena services broadcast each Friday. Would I be able to act an announcer?

"Would I!"

"For a considerable time I fulfilled the announcing duties. I was forced eventually, because of my own helter-skelter schedule, to give up this labor of love for Our Sorrowful Mother.

"These devotions to Our Sorrowful Mother, on a nine-week, or even a nine-day basis do not always fit into the average man's schedule in this workaday world. I have found this to be so, in my own life. But there is available to me, as there is to you, the devotion bound up in two prayers to Our Lady—the Hail Mary and the Memorare.

"I have yet to find a circumstance in which one or the other—or for that matter both—cannot be said. I have yet to find the circumstance in which the saying of these prayers—the Hail Mary especially, does not bring with the very saying consolation, comfort

Mortal Majesty

I stand upon a majestic mountain peak
And stare in wonderment across the land.
The world reclines in peaceful rest below.
The trees present a portrait in the vale
And press their leafy hands against the mist.
A glowing river glides between the fields.
The sun commands the royal blue of the sky.
How small am I? How wretched is a man?
And yet all this is his!

God made a heaven full of stars;
Vast beyond the power of belief.
Then built a world of beasts and beauty.
He filled it with lakes and seas; plants and streams—
But all He used was lowly clay from earth
To build a sinful thing He named a man,
Though here within He placed an immortal soul.
And then He gave the earth to man.
How great am I? How stately is a man?

Our God raised us, the flesh of earth, above
The common soil by giving us a soul,
And then He gave us the universe to own.
Thank God! I thank God! — For this is *mine*!

—THOMAS M. QUINN

and hope. From childhood, to the grave, I ask you, what else is really worth while in this silly world of ours?

"All of us, I hope, never mean to venture abroad without a Rosary in pocket or in purse. Yet some of us (and certainly I) in shifting from one raiment to another, can have a lapse of memory. The beads are in another suit or another purse, perhaps on a dresser at home or in a hotel room, when an urge to recount a decade of the Rosary or its Five Mysteries arises.

"The very fingers that are, or should be, pressed together reverently when praying, are a simple, readily accessible means of counting from one to ten, whatever the distractions."

Warren Brown, who graduated from the University of San Francisco in 1915, has been a Chicago newspaperman for more than three decades. He wrote the first book on Knute Rockne

and followed that with "The Chicago White Sox," "The Chicago Cubs" and memoirs on his newspaper career titled, "Win Lose or Draw." His pungent Fred-Allenish wit makes him one of the greatest Catholic emcees in America. His three sons are graduates of Notre Dame and his daughter is a graduate of Rosary College in River Forest, Ill.

Sports Merry-Go-Round

It may not be significant, but there's a similarity between Terry Brennan's and Knute Rockne's situation at Notre Dame. When Rockne succeeded Jesse Harper as the Irish head football coach, he was only 28, three years older than Brennan, and only two years out of college. Brennan, incidentally, is a remarkable individual. His academic average in college was 85.5. He pole vaulted 13 feet, was 165-pound boxing champion, shot 77 on the golf team and excelled at hand

ball, squash and tennis. That's versatility indeed!

George Stirnweiss, former New York Yankee second baseman who later coached the Red Bank (N. J.) Catholic High School football team, is the new manager of the Schenectady Blue Jays of the Class A Eastern Baseball League.

Says Steve Owen, retired coach of the New York Giants pro football club: "The trouble with a lot of youngsters nowadays is that they use their feet only to step on the gas. In fact, it's getting easier for them all the time, because now they're making cars with only one pedal, so it's only necessary to use one foot instead of two. I played 13 years of college and pro football and I never had a bad knee or a bad ankle. I think part of the reason for that was the fact that, as a boy in Indian territory, I walked two miles to school each morning and two miles back in the afternoon."

Soccer may become a new major sport on the LeMoyne College athletic program. Tommy Niland, athletic director at the Jesuit School in Syracuse, N. Y., has Bill Nelson, a senior All-American from Syracuse University, in an advisory capacity. Possible opponents would be Clarkson, St. Lawrence, Hobart, Oswego and Geneseo.

Mabel Landry, holder of the American women's broad jump record and co-holder of the 50-yard dash mark, says: "Whatever success I have attained in athletics and what success I may have in life, I owe in large measure to my early Catholic education at St. Elizabeth parochial and high schools in Chicago and to the training I received at the Bishop Sheil House in their CYO program."

Ray Meyer recently signed a new five year contract as athletic director and head basketball coach at DePaul University. He just concluded his twelfth season at DePaul during which his basketball teams won 209 games and lost 95. Five of his quintets have ranked among the top ten in the nation and played in either the NCAA or NIT postseason tournaments. Last

season his club won 11 of 21 games. He is the father of three boys and three girls.

Three of the five members of the Brooklyn *Tablet's* Fifth Annual All-Catholic College All-American Basketball Team are juniors: Tom Gola of LaSalle, Dick Ricketts of Duquesne and Ed Conlin of Fordham. Dick Rosenthal of Notre Dame and Togo Palazzi of Holy Cross are the seniors who complete the team. Gola and Ricketts are repeat selections and stand a good chance of setting a precedent by making it three years running by clicking next year. A committee of 55 Catholic college coaches across the country made the selections for *The Tablet*.

Ricketts, incidentally, has started every game in his three-year career at Duquesne. At last count, he has never been injured or benched in 85 straight games.

Fritz Crisler would like to perk up the modern game of football by adjusting the extra-point effort so that two points will be given for a successful running or pass play and only one

for a kick. Even with this new point system, there would be tie games. But they would be fewer. And besides, look how such selectivity would perk up the interest and drama in a game. Sounds like a good idea.

Can Hank Sauer come back? That's a question which Sauer, who was the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1952, will answer himself this year. Last season he was jinxed by injuries—a broken finger in spring training, a fractured ring finger in June and a broken left hand a month later. Playing with Ed Lopat's all-star team in Japan last Fall, the big Chicago Cub outfielder hit 12 home runs in 12 games to break Babe Ruth's Japanese record. Hank is confident this is his year to star again.

Our Prediction Time Again

AMERICAN LEAGUE: New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. NATIONAL LEAGUE: Brooklyn, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

News and Views

(Continued from page 17.)

city is in the rice country of Italy. I saw the Dominican Fathers who now carry on the work that Blessed John started so many centuries ago in the monastery he founded and the church that he built.

Just today, as I was writing this column, a package arrived from Rome, sent by the Dominicans of Vercelli. In it was the reliquary which contains one of the few relics of Blessed John, a section of his black wooden staff. For the first time in this country, it will be on exposition for veneration during our solemn novena May 10. Subsequently, each Thursday when Mass is said in honor of Blessed John, it will be placed on the altar of the Holy Name in Saint Vincent Ferrer's Church, for public veneration. For those of us who have such an interest in the cause of the canonization of Blessed John, it is a great gratification

that the relic arrived here in the States in time for our May novena.

Golden Anniversary

To the Most Reverend John J. Swint, Bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, an enthusiastic sponsor of the Holy Name Society, we extend our greetings and congratulations on his Golden Anniversary. Shortly, Bishop Swint will celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. For years in the Wheeling Diocese he has done splendid work. It was under his direction that some time ago Holy Name Headquarters re-organized the Society. In a Diocese where distances are vast and the country rugged, the Society has been really successful. We pray that the Lord will spare Bishop Swint for many years to come. *Ad Multos Annos.*

The Cross Between

(Continued from page 4.)

Through the German-speaking soldier the lieutenant made it clear that we had no intention of harming her, nor of damaging the house, let alone burn it; that we'd stay temporarily and only use two rooms; that she could use the kitchen and the one adjoining room, her bedroom; but for her own safety, she had to stay inside the house after dark.

The old lady was extremely tired and confused. Her face, flushed with nervous excitement during the past few hours, mellowed somewhat and relaxed. And her brown troubled eyes which mirrored the passing storm, glinted a ray of spiritual relief.

The men watched respectfully as she withdrew in a weak stagger and reached the corner where she slumped back into her single hard chair. She wept softly now over the crucifix pressed gingerly upon her lips.

She had listened that day to the bestial SS troopers who had spoken with authority based upon their allegedly, terrifying experience with American "brutality." She had accepted their lies as the down-right truth; and it had frightened her terribly.

Several hours later when all that she had feared failed to come to pass, she exhaled a profound sigh of utter relief. She wiped aside her tears, casually looked up and around the room, and stole glances toward the alert soldiers.

She was all alone in the disillusioned world about her. She had neither relatives nor friends, except the One represented by the cross. She indeed had Him, and her home.

The old woman weakly stood up and walked toward the unoccupied rooms. As she moved along in the flickering candlelight, the soft profile of her face appeared tinted with a pink, angelic blush.

What that Rosary, especially the cross, represented to the old woman had certainly meant a lot to her; and, oddly enough, it meant a great deal to a number of us, too.

Her faith, in what the crucifix and

Rosary symbolized that Easter season, was shared by countless others who sought peace and prayed for help in getting it.

During a post-war visit to Germany,

A Banker Looks at Holy Name Finances

(Continued from page 29.)

date, the person who got the money (or where it came from) and the amount. By balancing income against expenses, you can tell at a glance how much money the Society has left. This is especially handy when some member gets up and suggests that it is time for a big Spring Dance, at a cost of several hundred dollars.

There are much more elaborate ways of keeping your books. If you are an accountant or a bookkeeper, as well as treasurer of your Holy Name Society, maybe you'll enjoy setting up a better system than the simple one described here. Some men may think this system is terribly elementary, but it's amazing how many Societies do not have a budget, a check book, or a running record of their position. Get those fundamentals at least, and you'll be in pretty good shape.

It should be the duty of every treasurer to make a report to the members at least once a month. You've seen how it happens in too many cases. The president calls for a treasurer's report, and that dignitary gets up and starts fumbling through his pockets. Finally he produces a few scraps of paper, and says something like this:

"Well, last month we had about \$28. Since then Joe Brown and Bill Henry paid their dues, and we made about \$69 on the card party, although I'm not sure about that because we haven't got all the bills in yet. We promised to give Father \$35 for a motion picture screen, and we'll do that sometime, I guess. Oh, yes, we have three dollars worth of stamps on hand and some coins from last month's breakfast that I haven't counted."

That doesn't inspire much confidence,

I found that the old woman who had struggled with her gruelling test of faith and had earned a decisive victory, did only what most troubled folk with deep faith constantly do: they battle either out-spokenly or secretly for their basic, God-given rights, and ultimately they triumph.

nor does it attract the man who is attending a meeting for the first time. How much better it is when the treasurer has written out a brief report before the meeting, and is all set to give it to the secretary as part of the minutes. The treasurer's report need be only a short affair. Perhaps it will show balance on hand last month, income for the month, expenses during the month, and present amount on hand. It takes a few seconds to read, and then the secretary files the report. Neat and business-like.

Now here is one final suggestion, to wrap up all this business of financial records up in a neat bundle. It will come as nothing new in many Societies; it will be a shock to others. The suggestion is simply that once a year the treasurer have his book audited.

An auditor may be appointed by the president. Perhaps there is a C.P.A. or a bookkeeper in your Society who will volunteer to do the job. If no trained man is available, almost anyone with business training could check the books of the treasurer. This implies no distrust of the treasurer, and his feelings should not be hurt. In most cases, audits are made for the protection of the treasurer, not the members of the club. Best of all, it finishes up the year's business; the books are checked over, found to be in order, and the treasurer is relieved of all further responsibility or blame.

There's only one trouble. If the treasurer keeps his books in the manner suggested here, gets the Society on a budget basis, pays all bills with checks, and has an annual audit—the members will probably be so delighted that they'll reelect him for another year!